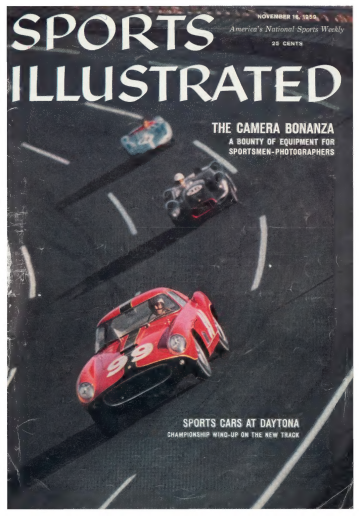


SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

An aerial photograph of a race track at night. Two sports cars are visible: a red one in the foreground with the number '99' and a black one further back. The track has white dashed lines. The background is dark, suggesting a night race.

NOVEMBER 16, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

THE CAMERA BONANZA

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from \$260
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Cover: Douglas Speedway ▶

Coming at you around a 90° banked turn at Daytona's International Speedway, a trio of sports cars approaches 130 mph. For a preview of 1989's amateur finale see page 71.

Photograph by Marvin E. Newman

Next week



▶ With the Winter Olympics set for Squaw Valley, the sliding spotlight is on the West. Robert Weisick writes about the development of the California-Nevada High Sierra.

▶ The ski season also brings new ski fashions. A quarterly *Downhill Look* previews the latest clothes, as well as new equipment and facilities, in color and black and white.

▶ The Giants and the Browns plan to fight it out for the honor of meeting the Bears for the professional football championship. An analysis by Tom Mullen of each club's chances.

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LANVIN

MEMO from the publisher

NEXT WEEK the ski season begins in earnest, at least as far as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editors are concerned. Nowadays the true fan can find a slope in some hemisphere at any time of the year, and skiing crops up in the most unlikely months in our pages. But in the November 23 issue, with its annual Ski Preview, we really get down to the business of trying to help you who ski get the most possible fun out of what promises to be a great winter.

Our preview will take you to the High Sierra and Squaw Valley, scene of the forthcoming Winter Olympics in February, in an article by Robert Wersick, with stops along the way at most of the resorts in the area, from Mount Shasta in the north with its awe-inspiring Klamath Indian medicine-man-in-residence, to Mammoth Mountain just a little beyond the city limits of Los Angeles (is hours' drive from the center of town).

Also in next week's issue will be our quarterly SPORTING LOOK preview, with 14 pages of the newest ski fashions, including a special collection designed by Bonnie Cashin, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Design Award winner for 1968. All of the clothes are appearing in the round at the first Winter Sports Show at New York's Calcutta and at an Olympic Fund party in San

Francisco co-sponsored by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Ross Artline, northern California's largest specialty store chain. We suspect you'll also have a chance to see them at your favorite ski resorts this winter.

In our issue of November 30 Willy Schaeffer returns to SPORTS ILLU-



STRATED with the first article in a two-part series on *Springsprofs*. Two years ago Schaeffer introduced our readers to shortstopping, a method which culminates in the difficult *Wiedels*, a series of rapid, weaving turns. Since then, experts like Schaeffer have developed other ways of teaching *Wiedels*. Of these, *Springsprofs* is the most thorough approach yet devised for the skier looking for a short swing up to Parmesan.

Then having gotten off to a good, wedding *Sprung*, we'll be on our way to the Winter Olympics themselves with the whole story as it develops between now and the last two weeks of February.

Track!

Arthur Murphy

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POWERBOAT RESULTS

Following are 1959's national motorboat class champions

AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASSOCIATION TITLISTS

INBOARD

FLYER: George Byers, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 26-27, at New Martinsville, W. Va.

40-CL-IN. HYDRO: F. C. Moss, Miami, July 15-19, at Gainesville, Fla.

30-CL-IN. HYDRO: Jim Cox, Jr., Lake Alfred, Fla., Feb. 7-8, at St. Petersburg, Fla.

20-CL-IN. HYDRO: E. Frank Neely, El Monte, Calif., July 15-19, at Gainesville, Fla.

16-CL-IN. HYDRO: Sidney Johnson, Cambridge, Md., July 4-5, at Grand Island, N.Y.

35-CL-IN. HYDRO: Henry Vogel, Webster, N.Y., Sept. 26-27, at New Martinsville, W. Va.

36-CL-IN. HYDRO: William Ritter, Gladesville, Pa., July 18-19, at Gainesville, Fla.

38-CL-IN. HYDRO: Allan Pierson, Quantown, Md., Aug. 1-2, at Cambridge, Md.

P.O.B.: Elmer Crockett, Hollywood, Oct. 4, at Long Beach, Calif.

CRACKERBOAT: Joe Herren, San Bruno, Calif., July 12, at Merced, Calif.

40-CL-IN. RUNABOUT: A. P. Rogers, Mobile, La., July 5, at Morgan City, La.

5 RACING RUNABOUT: Robert Rice, Azusa, Calif., July 22, at Merced, Calif.

7 RACING RUNABOUT: Ralph Barlow, Niagara Falls, N.Y., July 4-5, at Grand Island, N.Y.

8 SERVICE RUNABOUT: Dale Cooper, Miami Beach, Oct. 3-4, at Elizabeth City, N.C.

7 SERVICE RUNABOUT: Henry Turner, Lake Hopatcong, N.J., Oct. 3-4, at Elizabeth City, N.C.

JERSEY SPEED SKIFF: James Camp, Newark, Aug. 1-2, at Cambridge, Md.

SKI RACING RUNABOUT: Lee Brown, Oakton, Ill., Sept. 26-27, at Madison, Ind.

STOCK OUTBOARD

Hold or Don't Buy, Aug. 1959

CLASS 30 RUNABOUT: Jack Halder, Seaside, Calif.

continued



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Old Rarity Blended Scotch Whisky 50% alc/vol.
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POWERBOAT RESULTS

continued

CLASS AU RUNABOUT: Edwin Wall, Amityville, N.Y.

CLASS BU RUNABOUT: Ronald Zuback, Morristown, N.J.

CLASS CU RUNABOUT: Dean Mahaffey, Roseburg, Ore.

CLASS DU RUNABOUT: John Schoedel, Seaside, N.J.

CLASS IN RUNABOUT: William Kennedy III, Halesite, N.Y.



BILL STEAD, 34-year-old cattle rancher from Reno, was top driver of the year in the unlimited inboard class of the APRA.

CLASS A STOCK HYDRO: Edwin Wall, Amityville, N.Y.

CLASS B STOCK HYDRO: Robert Hering, Sheboygan, Wis.

CLASS C STOCK HYDRO: Rob Brown, Miami.

CLASS D STOCK HYDRO: Richard O'Dea, Patchogue, N.J.

OUTBOARD

Held at Miami, La., Sept. 25-27

CLASS A RACING RUNABOUT: Homer Kinross, Carbon Cliff, Ill.

CLASS B RACING RUNABOUT: Gene Hilton, Newton, N.C.

CLASS C RACING RUNABOUT: Fred Gockl, Quincy, Ill.

CLASS F RACING RUNABOUT: Chuck Parsons, Leoti, Calif.

CLASS A OUTBOARD HYDRO: Wally Adams, Auburndale, Fla.

CLASS B OUTBOARD HYDRO: David L. Christner, Quincy, Ill.

CLASS C OUTBOARD HYDRO: Jack Leck, Seattle.

CLASS D OUTBOARD HYDRO: Fred Gockl, Quincy, Ill.

CLASS F OUTBOARD HYDRO: Hubert Entrop, Seattle.

CLASS C SERVICE RUNABOUT: Rocky Stone, Williams, Ore.

CLASS C SERVICE HYDRO (Section 1): Homer Kinross, Carbon Cliff, Ill.

CLASS C SERVICE HYDRO (Section 2): Gerald Waldman, Milwaukee.

UNLIMITED INBOARD REGATTAS

APPLE CUP TROPHY: *Miss Fay's Sea*, Driver Chuck Hickling, Owners Ausland-Stated-Akersen at Seattle, May 10, at Lake Union, Wash.

DETROIT MEMORIAL TROPHY: *Miss Superior III*, Driver Bob Hayward, Owner James Thompson of London, Ont., July 4, at Detroit.

DIAMOND CUP: *Masterick*, Driver Bill Stead, Owner William Waggoner of Phoenix, Ariz., July 18-19, at Cour d'Alene, Idaho.

GOLD CUP: *Masterick*, Driver Bill Stead, Owner William Waggoner of Phoenix, Ariz., Aug. 2, at Seattle.

HARMSWORTH TROPHY: *Miss Superior III*, Driver Bob Hayward, Owner James Thompson of London, Ont., Aug. 24-25, at Detroit.

SILVER CUP: *Masterick*, Driver Bill Stead, Owner William Waggoner of Phoenix, Ariz., Aug. 29, at Detroit.



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INTERNATIONAL SWEEPSTAKES TRO-

PHY: Menard, Driver Bud Stead, Owner William Waggoner of Phoenix, Ariz., Sept. 5-6, at Buffalo.

PRESIDENT'S CUP: Hines, Driver Mike Blevak, Owner William Boring of Seattle, Sept. 19-20, at Washington, D.C.

GOVERNOR'S TROPHY: Hines, Kew, Driver Ron Mason, Owner Joseph Mancini of Huntington, N.Y., Sept. 26-27, at Madison, Ind.

LAKE MEAD CUP: Hines, Driver Mike Blevak, Owner William Boring of Seattle, Oct. 21, at Las Vegas, Nev.

OUTBOARD MARATHONS

THOUSAND ISLANDS MARATHON: 200 Miles—Miles Jones, Watervliet, N.Y., June 14, at Alexandria Bay, N.Y.

MILWAUKEE SENTINEL—MINNEAPOLIS LAND OUTBOARD MARATHON: 200 Miles—Brave Alexander, Indian River, Mich., Jensen, at Ford du Lac, Wis.

TOP OF MICHIGAN MARATHON: 200 Miles—Brave Alexander, Indian River, Mich., July 19, at Oden, Mich.

COLORADO RIVER MARATHON: 115 Miles—Ken Hodges, Blythe, Calif., Sept. 27, at Needles, Calif.

PREDICTED LOG

COCHRINGTON TROPHY: Harrison III, Allen B. DuMont, Cedar Grove, N.J.

HERBERT L. STONE TROPHY: Helmer, Wm. Nelson, Bellflower, Calif.

NATIONAL PREDICTED LOG CHAMPION: Harrison III, Allen B. DuMont, Cedar Grove, N.J.

NATIONAL OUTBOARD ASSOCIATION TITLISTS**PROFESSIONAL DIVISION**

Half of Springfield, Ill., Sept. 18-21

CLASS A HYDRO: Bud Pfeiffer, Flint, Mich.

CLASS B HYDRO: Dale Kass, Austin, Minn.

CLASS C HYDRO: Deb Parker, Goshlen, Ala.

CLASS C-1 HYDRO: Todd Brinkman, Springfield, Ill.

CLASS D HYDRO: Dick Pond, Keokuk, Iowa.

CLASS F HYDRO: Arlen Crouch, Quincy, Ill.

UNLIMITED HYDRO: Clay Petteler, Lake Charles, La.

CLASS A RUNABOUT: Don Kinney, St. Charles, Mich.



DICK POND, 28-year-old farmer from Keokuk, Iowa, set new high point record for NOA professional division drivers.

CLASS B RUNABOUT: Bill Seebold Jr., Granite City, Ill.

CLASS C RUNABOUT: Shelden Levensky, Kansas City, Kans.

CLASS C-1 RUNABOUT: Todd Brinkman, Springfield, Ill.

CLASS D RUNABOUT: Fred Gosh, Quincy, Ill.

CLASS F RUNABOUT: Clay Petteler, Lake Charles, La.

(continued)

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POWERBOAT RESULTS

continued

UNLIMITED RUNABOUT: Fred Good, Quincy, Ill.

SEMI-PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

Held at Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 22-23

CLASS A HYDRO: Bill Settle, Columbus, Ind.

CLASS B HYDRO: Dock Kendall, Sabeoka, Kalamazoo, Mich.

CLASS C HYDRO: Johnny Ayers, Fort Smith, Ark.

CLASS D HYDRO: W. F. Lavery Jr., Cashington, Ill.



BILL SETTLE, 25-year-old -skimmer- from Columbus, Ind., broke the NDA straightaway speed record in Class B Hydroplane.

CLASS A RUNABOUT: Alan Collins, Columbus, Ind.

CLASS B RUNABOUT: Ralph Collins, Columbus, Ind.

CLASS C RUNABOUT: Bob Cooverman, Terre Haute, Ind.

CLASS D RUNABOUT: Mike Lorenz, Anderson, Ind.

AMATEUR DIVISION

Held at Nashville, Sept. 6-7

CLASS 10-15 CU. IN. H. K. McCord, Nashville.

CLASS 16-18 CU. IN. Bill Edington, Knoxville.

CLASS 19-21 CU. IN. Jim Rogers, Knoxville.

UNLIMITED: Jim Jenkins, Maryville, Tenn.

HIGH POINT DRIVERS

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION: Dick Ford, Kokomo, Ind., 59,834 points.

SEMI-PROFESSIONAL DIVISION: Bill Settle, Columbus, Ind., 19,399 points.

AMATEUR DIVISION: J. C. Leatherwood, Knoxville, 6,395 points.

END



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COMING EVENTS

November 13 to November 13

All times are E.S.P.

★ Color telecast ★ Television ★ Repeat tele

Friday, November 13

HORSE SHOW
Royal Agricultural Winter Fair, Toronto through Nov. 21

Saturday, November 14

BASEBALL
Natl. A.L.A. series, Daytona Beach, Fla. 1:30 p.m. Nov. 15

BASEBALL (cont.)
Continued at Detroit
Milwaukee at Philadelphia
New York at Syracuse
St. Louis at Boston

CROSS COUNTRY
NCAA championships, Boston, Mass., 11 a.m.

FOOTBALL (cont.)

- Army at Oklahoma, 1:30 p.m. (NBC)
- Auburn at Georgia
- Baylor at Baylor
- Colgate at Princeton
- Duke at Wake Forest
- Maryland at Clemson
- Minnesota at Purdue
- Missouri at Tennessee at Memphis
- Mississippi State at LSU
- Northwestern at Maryland State
- Notre Dame at Pittsburgh (ABC, Sports Illustrated)
- Oregon at Washington State
- U.C. at Iowa
- Utah at Princeton

GOLF
• All-Star Golf series, Copper vs. Maxwell, Las Vegas, Nev., 3 p.m. In each 18-hole (ABC)

HORSE RACING
Hollywood Handicap, \$25,000 added, Aqueduct, New York
Kentucky Jockey Club stakes, \$25,000 added, Churchill Downs, Ky.

BASEBALL
Philadelphia Athletics (renewed), Cleveland at Atlanta, Dutch West Indies (through Nov. 16)

Sunday, November 15

BASEBALL (cont.)
Boston at Cincinnati

• Detroit at New York, 2:45 p.m. (NBC)

Philadelphia at Milwaukee

FOOTBALL (cont.)

- Indiana vs. Ohio, 3 p.m. in Milwaukee (ABC)
- T.V. Manual radio
- Chicago Cardinals at Philadelphia
- Cleveland at Washington (FSB, Sports Illustrated)
- Los Angeles at Denver (CBS, T.V.)
- Pittsburgh at New York (CBS, T.V.) and radio
- San Francisco at Chicago (NBC, T.V.)

GOLF
• World Championship Golf series, Hickory vs. Florio, Carmel, Calif., 4:30 p.m. (NBC)

HOCKEY
Detroit at Chicago
Montreal at Boston
Toronto at New York

Monday, November 16

CROSS COUNTRY
NCAA championships and Countrychamps, New York

HOCKEY
Chicago at Detroit

Tuesday, November 17

BASEBALL (cont.)
Boston at Detroit
Cincinnati vs. Syracuse, New York vs. St. Louis at New York

Wednesday, November 18

BASEBALL
• Policy vs. A. Johnson, Seattle, 10 a.m., Phoenix, Ariz., 10 p.m. (ABC)

GOLF
Canada Cup Matches, Melbourne (through Nov. 21)

HOCKEY
Detroit at Toronto
New York at Chicago

Thursday, November 19

FIELD HOCKEY
Natl. Exhibition champs, Boston through Nov. 22

GOLF
• World Senior Open, \$15,000, Moline, Ill. (through Nov. 22)

*See local listings.

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over a slow-burning maple-hickory
log fire, this is a treat, not a production.
A foot (and 1½ lbs.) of exciting eating.



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Now this is the true country cheese, and we're one of the
few still willing to age the big ones. None are pasteurized,
colored, processed or artificially flavored. They're just
fresh whole-milk cheddar aged in the dark even cellars of
our Vermont caves. We can't give a blanket age on them.
Each is different and each is individually wrapped. When
we feel a cheese has developed its full flavor, and has the
right sharp taste, we put it up for sale. But we can say
they usually are about two years. Sharp, roundly, special.

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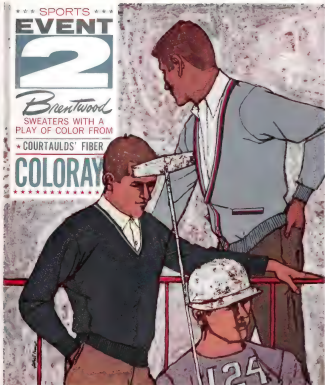
*** SPORTS ***
EVENT
2

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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports action of the week

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING—Seven teams completed the 12-hour climb of Mount Innes' summit, climbing the 10,000-foot mountain after setting out to climb the mountain at 2:30 a.m. (continued) **CLUBS**—The 12-hour climb of Mount Innes' summit was held there side at mountain village.

INTERNATIONAL MOTORSPORTS—Two of the 12-hour climb of Mount Innes' summit was held there side at mountain village.

HOCKEY—Montreal Canadiens, pulling away from the rest of the league, won the N.H.L. title by winning New York Rangers 4-2 in overtime. Giving Canadiens a 1-0 lead in the series.



MONTREAL SCORES AGAINST RANGERS

made only 11 goals against 11 for Rangers. Game Monday, 7:30 p.m. (continued) **CLUBS**—The 12-hour climb of Mount Innes' summit was held there side at mountain village.

BOXING—Spalding, 35, against 35-year-old Juan Pablo, 35, Argentine, won his title in the 12th round by knocking out his opponent in the 12th round. (continued) **CLUBS**—The 12-hour climb of Mount Innes' summit was held there side at mountain village.

Burrowing out of his corner at first round of going in fight at Syracuse, Mike Doherty (continued) **CLUBS**—The 12-hour climb of Mount Innes' summit was held there side at mountain village.

HORSE RACING—Spalding, 35, against 35-year-old Juan Pablo, 35, Argentine, won his title in the 12th round by knocking out his opponent in the 12th round. (continued) **CLUBS**—The 12-hour climb of Mount Innes' summit was held there side at mountain village.

CONTINUED



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SCOREBOARD

FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL — The New York Yankees won the American League pennant for the 25th time, defeating the Baltimore Orioles 4-3 in the final game of the playoffs.

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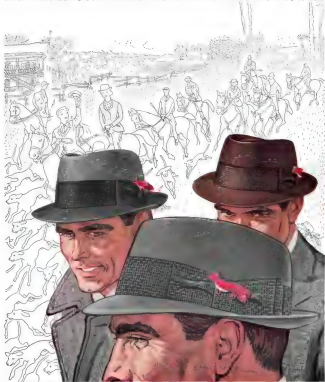
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FOOTBALL'S 8TH WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST

The final Big Ten, where championship hopes are about as remote as a \$100 over- even in an all night lottery, was gone through its annual metamorphosis. Wisconsin, befitting up by a magnificent performance by Quarterback Dale Harburt, put the best to unbeaten Northwestern one year ago. To share the lead with the disenchanted Wildcats, while Michigan State, rising to a new plateau under Coach Duffy Daugherty, ended Purdue's dream of spending New Year's Day in California.

Quarterback Dean Look, whose bowl still may not win him a \$25,000 bonus best runner, was the lad who did it in the



BACK OF THE WEEK: Wisconsin Quarterback Dale Harburt had Northwestern at his mercy, throwing two scoring passes and running for 62 yards in 24:19 win.

frustrated Boilersmen 15-0. Twice in the first half he pitched touchdowns, once to Gary Ballman for 25 yards and again to Jim Corbitt for 65 yards. Then, when the warthoged Purdue line weakened the strength to stop the Spartans, Art Braunschatter kicked a 23-yard field goal.

Illinois, given a chance to sneak up on the leaders, found its way blocked by Gerald Smith, a near-sighted, undersized (167 pounds) Michigan back who plowed off these passes to help the Wolverines upset the Illini 29-15. With Michigan trailing 9-6, Smith's first interception set up the go-ahead touchdown. His other two thwarted Illinois scoring drives.

In closer struggles, Iowa checked out of the cellar over prostrate Minnesota. Score: 24-8. Indiana, stopped inches away from the goal line on a disputed fourth-down play, settled for a 0-0 tie with Ohio State.

Georgia Tech and Notre Dame traded mistakes but, in the end, the Irish paid the greater price and Tech won 14-10.

Six Quarterback Marvin Tinkens scored both Tech touchdowns after Junior Fink back Taz Anderson's thrusts up the middle pushed the Irish back on their heels. Missouri grounded Air Force's usually reliable defense as Quarterback Phil Scrimme passed and ran the Tigers to a 13-0 victory.

Oklahoma, back with the mortals in the Big Eight, took Kansas State 36-9 and rendered first place when Colorado's Gale Weidner ripped three touchdowns passes to whip Kansas 25-14. Nebraska, victor over Oklahoma last week, came crashing back to earth and lost to Iowa State 18-6, with Tom Watkins scoring twice on long runs to take over as the nation's leading groundgainer. Oklahoma State, belittle for the conference title, beat Deaver 28-12 for its sixth straight. The top three:

1. WISCONSIN 12-0
2. NORTHWESTERN 12-0
3. PURDUE 12-0-1

THE SOUTH

It was a long time coming, but Tennessee finally put an end to LSU's 18-game winning streak 14-13 (see page 22), and a whacking sigh of relief settled over the rail-tough Southeastern Conference.

Perhaps the greatest beneficiary was Georgia, still standing firm, if precariously, at the top of the league with a 2-0 record. Never giving a thought to Auburn, their next opponent, they walked in the mud with Florida and came away with a 21-19 victory. Halfback Charlie Britt passed for one touchdown and ran 100 yards with an intercepted pass for another.

Meanwhile, Auburn and Mississippi took on lesser competition. Sophomore Quarterback Bobby Hays, continuing to add needed oomph to the Auburn attack, ran 42 and 51 yards to help the Tigers smother Mississippi State 31-0; Mississippi, warming up for Tennessee, enjoyed every moment of a 56-9 romp over Chattanooga.

Field is check by a tough-south Duke defense. Clemson's Atlantic Coast leaders reached into wily Coach Frank Howard's bag of tricks to slip past the Blue Devils 6-0. How and occurred one of his old single wing plays, and it paid off when Quarterback Lowder Shugler faded to the left and threw 30 yards to the right to End Ed Best in the end zone.

The Citadel, directed by General Mark V. Clark five years ago to "achieve respectability" in football, stayed orderly by knocking off previously unknown Presbyterian 8-0. Now, thoroughly respected in the Southern Conference, the Kaydets have their sights trained on a respectable bowl bid.

In other games, Rice Meritt's 23-yard field goal and Tom March's 60-yard sprint beat Kentucky 13-6 for Vanderbilt; Little Fran Carroll led Miami in victory over North Carolina 14-7; Alabama overcame Tulane 19-7; South Carolina outscored Virginia 22-20. The top three:

1. LSU 12-0
2. MISSISSIPPI 12-0
3. ARKANSAS 12-1 AND TENNESSEE 12-0

THE SOUTHWEST

The Southwest Conference, no place for the faint of heart, was living up to its reputation. Volunteer and unried Texas, perhaps looking ahead to TCU, almost tripped over Baylor. The Bear Line furnished Quarterback Ronnie Stanley with careful protection, and he showed his appreciation by passing Baylor into a 22-7 lead. However, with time running out, the Longhorns pounced on a fumble and by Halfback Jack Collins and Fullback



LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK: Gerald Smith, snubby Michigan back who rubs delicate signals, proved an expert flag man as he grabbed three Illini passes.

Clair Branch led them to a narrow 12-12 victory.

KMU, less than an hour south of Texas 34-31 14-11. And for a change, Don Meredith didn't have to do the job alone. He got some running help from Tiny Winters and did the rest with his passing. Window Rice shocked Arkansas by going ahead 10-0. The Razorbacks had all they could do to get back into the ball game. Billy Kiser, a senior halfback, picked the right time to become a hero, guiding two passes from Lance Alworth to set up the touchdowns that gave Arkansas a 14-10 triumph.

North Texas State, the little school with big aspirations, continued to win. Halfback Almer Humes scored twice as the Eagles beat Louisiana 39-7 for their 10th straight. Arizona outlasted Texas Tech 20-26; New Mexico polished off Brigham Young 21-6. The top three:

1. TEXAS 20-0
2. TCU 12-1
3. ARKANSAS 12-0

continued



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FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

THE EAST

Penn State had Syracuse standing as its tip-toe in a frenetic last quarter, but the Orangemen prevailed ultimately 28-18 to strengthen their claim to first honors in the East (see page 22).

Meanwhile, the Ivies were doing some sporadic lifting of their own. Penn, trailing 12-9, came alive just as Yale fell apart at the seams. Halfback Fred Dawling poked up the Quakers by their mostly



new faces of the week: Penn State turned loose Sophomore Roger Korfman (left) for two touchdowns, one on 100-yard kickoff return, against Syracuse; Oregon's Cleveland Jones made an incredible catch in and score to beat California.

bootlegs and led them to a 28-12 victory and possession of first place.

Harvard gave Penn an assist, successfully containing Princeton's tailback in with a spirited defense to upset the Tigers 14-9. And Dartmouth, still hopeful, battered poor Columbia 22-0, while Cornell ran over Brown 19-0.

Joe Transchel and Joe Bellino were healthy again, and Navy used their considerable talents to overcome Maryland 22-14. Army, under wraps for Oklahoma, was hardly impressive while defeating Villanova 14-0.

Rookie Halfback Fred Casanova twice kicked a 25-yard field goal to put Penn ahead of Boston College 22-14; Holy Cross downed Boston U. 17-5. The top three:

1. BRACKAGE (1-0)
2. PENN STATE (2-0)
3. ARMY (0-1)

THE WEST

USC's Thundering Herd was still pounding along, even with rough-tough Mike McKeever treading softly (see page 26). West Virginia, fresh from the Syracuse and Penn State upset grindset and on watch for the big, bold and unbeaten Trojan, buckled under 35-0.

Cross-beaten Washington and Oregon were still running neck and neck for the Rose Bowl. The Huskies, surprised by Oregon State's single wing, took a while to get untracked, but won 18-8. Oregon, enroute in a real stiff-hanger with California, pulled it out finally 20-18 when little 5-foot-4-inch Cleveland Jones out-vented big (6-foot) Wayne Crow for Dave Green's 35-yard end zone pass.

continued

RED GRANGE PREDICTS

Tennessee vs. Mississippi

Tennessee's single wing played it self against the best in the land, but I don't think any team can take LSU and Mississippi on successive Saturdays. Ole Miss, eager to atone for its one slip, is primed for the Vols. MISSISSIPPI.

Georgia vs. Auburn

Ole-buster Georgia's position atop the SEC standings is in danger. Bobby Hank has jogged up the Auburn attack, and the superb Tiger defense will hold the Bulldogs. AUBURN.

Michigan State vs. Northwestern

Dean Lusk's passing may shake up Northwestern, but State hasn't got a runner to compare with Ron Burton, who is ready to lead the Wildcats back. NORTHWESTERN.

Wisconsin vs. Illinois

Dale Harshbarger and the big Wisconsin line will be too much for the inconsistent Ills. The Badgers keep pace with Northwestern in the Big Ten. WISCONSIN.

Oklahoma vs. Army

Neither team has lived up to expectations. Injuries have hurt Army. Oklahoma has lost its invincibility. But the Sooners are still tough to beat at Norman. OKLAHOMA.

California vs. Washington

The Huskies run better their Rose Bowl hopes against panhandle California. Rob Schlarfeld's passing and running will bewilder the moon-beamed Bears. WASHINGTON.

USC vs. Baylor

Baylor will be in over its head against still-unbeaten USC. Willie Wood is terrific behind the roaring USC line. The Trojans should win their eighth straight. USC.

Texas vs. TCU

A stiff-burn defense has helped TCU win four in a row after a stumbling start. Texas, undefeated and on the way to the Southwest Conference title, has the speed to outrun the slower Horned Frogs. TEXAS.

SMU vs. Arkansas

Arkansas had trouble with Texas A&M and Rice and may be running out of gas. SMU, with Toney Wilson to lend ground support for Don Meredith's passing, will be hard to beat. SMU.

Penn State vs. Holy Cross

State's prestige and bowl hopes suffered little damage in the loss to Syracuse. Holy Cross, also beaten only by the Orange, lacks the defense to stop Noble Lusco and Roger Korfman. PENN STATE.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
5 RIGHT, 3 WRONG
WEEKEND TO DATE: 23-15

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Although it weighs only 2 pounds, it records the Dictet portable recorder is made with limited precision.

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A great many men find it indispensable for homework, since it can be tucked into a briefcase.

One large drug chain takes inventory with the help of this tiny tape recorder. Its company, stock, inventory, commitment with a Dictet, they can get this exacting job done in half the time at half the cost. You'd like that.



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A doctor told us that keeping a Dictet in his car saves him real money. After making a house call, he not only records the diagnosis and medication, but reminds himself to send a bill.

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examining . . . psychiatry . . . peripatetic thought-trapping . . . but you get the idea.

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

CLUB and Stanford started out tame by enough and were tied 7-7 at the end of the first quarter. But then the reds took on the adventurous Indians, and they went up with a 55-12 scalping.

Winning the Big Ten leader, went out of the conference to beat San Jose State 29-7. New Mexico defeated Torgue Young 21-6, Colorado nearly edged Utah State 10-7. The top three:

1. USC 17-0
2. Washington 17-0
3. Oregon 17-0

THE SMALL COLLEGES

While their bigger brothers were making the biggest headlines, the small colleges still had 23 teams among the nation's universities ranked.

Coach Dave Nelson's mighty little Belhaven club routed Temple 62-0 on the way to showdown with Bowling Green, a 23-14 winner over southern Illinois. Junataa demolished Sweet Tech 27-0, Florida A-M defeated North Carolina A&T 28-10, Pacific View outscored Tulelake 23-11, San Francisco State beat Sacramento State 27-14.

Indiana, Carnegie Tech, Southern University, Middle Tennessee State, Lower-Rhode, Fairmont State, Hillsdale, Western Illinois, William Jewell, Kansas, and others. Baker, College of Englewood, John Carroll, Penn State and the rest still unbeaten. Mississippi Southern beat North Carolina State 19-14 and Montana State defeated Montana 30-6.

Among those not so lucky were Rochester, upset by Tufts 26-0; West Chester State, beaten by Bloomsburg Teachers 13-10; Adams State, which fell before Colorado College 47-8. Hungry Marquette scored two heart-breaking upsets against Washington & Jefferson, winning 95-0 and piling up a record 715 yards as Dallas Garber scored 42 points.

8TH WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA members)

SCORED	TO PAT POINTS
Ed Kocer, Cincinnati	19 0 0 78
Nolan Jones, Arizona State	7 20 0 71
Steve Watson, Tennessee	11 1 0 49

SCORED	P	YDS	AVG
Tom Markowski, Indiana	127	187	1.46
Clayton Hays, N. Texas State	58	147	2.51
Bill Brown, New Mexico	70	421	6.01

PLAYING	A	P	PTS	FOR TD
Jack Norman, Stanford	18	141	388	1,425
Jack Lee, Cincinnati	161	94	354	1,655
For Hall, Marquette	157	84	475	1,732

NET YARDS	A	P	YDS
Jack Norman, Stanford	15	1,321	1.94
Orange Nykja, Iowa State	95	324	3.40
Paul Hall, Marquette	106	1,112	1.02

NET YARD EFFICIENCY	PTS	YDS	GAMES	AVG
Syracuse	75	2,912	10	10
Tulsa	78	2,900	9	9
North Texas State	247	3,007	7	7

NET YARD DEFENSE	PTS	YDS	GAMES	AVG
Syracuse	329	759	10	10
LSU	658	1,197	14	14
Mississippi	825	1,239	10	10



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CRASH GO THE BIGS

It was Black Saturday for LSU and Northwestern as the nation's two leading teams went down to first defeats

THE AVID FEET of Louisiana State's All-America halfback gobbled up the turf and propelled him into the left side of the Tennessee Volunteer line. Down went Billy Cannon (opposite), down fell the first team in the land on the wildest, wooliest Saturday of the football season.

Had it succeeded, Cannon's raw power smash for two points after the LSU Tigers' second touchdown could have been a game-winning feat of splendor. The Volunteers cut him down. Thus, by the spine-chilling score of 14-13, on a wintry afternoon in Knoxville, ended the nation's longest victory streak (19 straight).

All over the country it was a day for mitters and Mitbown as emissary teams met charged-up opponents. For Northwestern, which had raged like a prairie fire through the Big Ten and earned No. 2 national ranking. It was also Black Saturday as a brassy Wisconsin team methodically fashioned a 24-19 victory. For the Princeton Tiger, with roving eye cocked toward the Ivy League championship, it was Crimson Saturday as the Harvard upset them but good 14-6. For another Tiger, Missouri's, it was a wild, blue Saturday as they downed Air Force

Academy 13-0. For Texas and Syracuse, ranked third and fourth, it was a day of profound thanksgiving for bare deliverance from the forces of Baylor and Penn State.

But nowhere was victory sweeter or defeat more bitter than at Knoxville. Only once in 11 previous games had an LSU team defeated Tennessee, and Tennessee again had had news for LSU.

The Tigers overwhelmed the Volunteers statistically—outgained them 334 yards to 112—but, by letting a cornerback named Jim Cartwright steal a pass and scoot 69 yards for a touchdown and by fumbling to provide Tennessee another scoring opportunity, found themselves behind 14-7 in the last quarter. Then a Tennessee fumble at the two resulted in a quick LSU touchdown and a noteworthy decision by Coach Paul Dietzel: to go for two points and victory.

Tennessee's Coach Bowden Wyatt jumped up and down and bellowed a warning, unheard by his team in the upsurge, to watch out for Cannon. He could have saved his breath. Well-drilled for Cannon's patented off-tackle slants, the Vols were, as Wyatt said later, "mentally stacked up over there. We had 11 people thinking about that hole. That's where LSU has found the white meat all year."

Through bloody lips Tackle Wayne Grubb yelled, "He's coming on the power play," as LSU lined up. Cannon slammed into the line and was smothered 18 inches from the goal.

"We came to win, not to tie," said Paul Dietzel later. "If I had it to do over a hundred times I would do the same thing."

Now, if Northwestern had this wild and woolly Saturday to live over again, it would have held onto the ball. Outweighed 14 pounds per man on the line and bedeviled by Quarterback Dale Hackbart, a 4-foot-3, 138-pound dose of running and passing poison, the Wildcats fatally lost four fumbles to ninth-ranked Wisconsin. The old Northwestern mangle weathered in flashes, more precisely in an exciting 69-yard touchdown run and a 47-yard end sweep by Ron Burton. But Hackbart, his muscular accomplices and a baffling new short punt formation darkened Rose Bowl dreams at Evanston.

Hidden away before a mere 32,800 witnesses at University Park, Pa., Syracuse and Penn State met in the East's biggest game in years. The seventh-ranked Nittany Lions jauntily pushed the bigger Orangemen around for a while in the first half, but then Ben Schwartzwalder's wrecking crew from Plety Hill (SL Nov. 2) proved its superior class. Neither a fabulous 100-yard kickoff return for a touchdown by Penn State's Roger Kochman nor the blue-chip quarterbacking of Richie Lucas could prevent Syracuse's 20-18 victory.

At Austin, with a come-from-behind 13-12 squeaker over Baylor, Texas emerged as the nation's only major undefeated running mate for Syracuse and Southern California.

Not all the week's fireworks were set off on the big day or in the big games. An outfit called the Haros Scalpers was the shaggiest thing to cut up the Dakotas since Gutsen Borglum (sort page); and the McKeever affair was reading the West Coast football world (page 26).

—KENNETH RUDKEN

COLOR OF THE WEEK: STONE WALL IN TENNESSEE

With defeat or victory in the balance, LSU's All-America halfback, Billy Cannon (No. 29), streaks into the Tennessee 64-44 on the biggest play of Saturday's upset at Knoxville. Trying for a game-
Photograph by Morris E. Newman

winning two-point conversion, Cannon was met 18 inches from the goal line by Charles Severance (14), Wayne Grubb (62) and Billy Majors (44), and the nation's No. 1 team came tumbling down.

REVOLT IN THE BIG WORLD



PENN STATE UPRISING early in the game was, by Penn State's 17 yard second-half run by Halstead. Roger Korbman, here pursued by Penn State's "Iron Duster" 44, Korbman later returned a kickoff 180 yards.

◀ **OREGON STATE FUMBLE** gave Washington Huskies' George Fleming no good thought of recovery, but Beaver's Sonny Sanchez (88) tried to cover ball, as Huskies kept Rose Bowl hopes alive with a 13-6 victory.

NORMALCY IN A SMALL WORLD





WISCONSIN'S DALE HECKBERT (26) THROWS FIRST OF HIS TWO TOUCHDOWN PASSES



NORTHWESTERN'S ROY BURTON SPRINTS AWAY ON BRILLIANT 69-YARD SCORING RUN



WILCAT THRUST IS STOPPED NEAR GOAL

NORTHWESTERN DREAM of first undefeated season was dashed after six consecutive victories in a 24-15 defeat by Wisconsin. Before a roared 88,282 persons in frigid Dyeck Stadium at Evanston, Quarterback Duke Harshbatt passed superbly for two touchdowns, ran effectively and directed the Badger attack with expert know. Wisconsin's defense, not noticeably strong during the afternoon, stiffened when it had to, as in the picture above, when Halfback Mark Johnston was thrown back at the two.

by ROY TERRELL

DOWN FROM the Rockies the snow comes, driving across Montana and the Black Hills, across Deadwood and Spearhead and the wide plains of South Dakota to lay a blanket upon the town of Huron the Wednesday before the game. Flat cattle along the Missouri and the James turned their tails into the biting wind and sought shelter in the barns. Farmers in the eastern part of the state, struggling into their storm coats and their boots, watched the temperature drop

LITTLE ALL-AMERICA Beedley (left), teammate, should show before practice.

below zero and uttered as best it was going to be a long winter. At tiny Huron College they seemed only about how the snow and cold would affect the game.

Just turned out, the negative didn't affect the game, at least not Huron's part of it, although there was a lot of mud from the melting snow and something certainly seemed to be bothering General Beedley. General William Henry Harrison Beedley came to the Dakota Territory in 1893 as surveyor general and remained to become superintendent of public instruction; he recognized native man was needed South Dakota's public lands for the schools. Today, however, General

Beedley is no longer a him but an it, a small college once called Madison State Normal but renamed in the old soldier's honor a few years back. On Saturday the Huron Sculpers took care of the Mustangs as the Sioux were never able to do with the general himself. The football team misacted General Beedley.

The score was 31-7, but neither its size nor the victory was surprising, for Huron College has one of the most amazing football teams in the land. It is undefeated and untied and only two touchdowns have been scored against the Sculpers all year. Meanwhile, Huron has scored 948

(Continued on page 17)

The press cited the Alcoholic game as the one-sided affair. It was not and never. The only interesting Richard Widmark hitting a cripple in a gangster movie.

—CAROL MERRILL, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, LOS ANGELES

Bates lost the most-outstanding wrestler that we have back and the play was choked out. McKeever kept running and poked on top of Bates, knocking him in the face with his elbow as he landed. He had plenty of time to stop, but he didn't.

—ROBERT BOWLE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, SAN FRANCISCO

Bates has broken nose, multiple fractures of the bones that make up the right side of the face. The plate of

bone that holds upper teeth was fractured. The right side of the face was distorted, swollen and twisted by the fractured parts that hold the face in contour.

—PHYSICIAN, CORNELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ITHACA, CALIF.

McKeever was ejected the week before from the Stanford game. Films of last year's University of California game with the University of Southern California show McKeever undertaking the same tactics against Joe Kapp as were used against Steve Bates. We feel that amateur athletics deserves better than this from its participants.

—THOMAS CLARK KERR and CHAS. WELLS in GLEN S. KERR, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LAY THOSE ELBOWS

ONE OF THE best-behaved players on the U.S. football scene last week was Mike McKeever, who played guard for the University of Southern California when the Trojans beat West Virginia 34-0.

There was a good and sound reason for Mike's polite demeanor, reason reflected in the quotes reproduced above. These quotes were all inspired by McKeever's field behavior in the USC-California game a week earlier—behavior that left the air charged with accusations and thin apologies, left one football player, California's Steve Bates, flat on his back, sipping liquid food through his wind-together teeth, and left a host of sports fans filled with something

very close to righteous indignation.

Unfortunately for USC, Mike McKeever's injury of Bates, unintentional though it may have been, was but one of many occasions when his bony elbows have caught the chin of an opponent and the eye of an official. Mike, who, along with his identical twin, Marlin, an end, has been touted as USC's spearhead in a crusade to regain lost glory, was ejected from last year's game with Cal for clearing quarterback Joe Kapp. He was suspended at last USC-Stanford game on Oct. 28 for striking Doug Parsell, a center, and from this year's Cal game for twice using his elbows against Quarterback Pete Olson. This seemingly calculated may-

hem, according to USC's way of thinking, is all a part of the game—after all, USC wasn't even penalized for the Bates incident. But it is a game its opponents at California will not soon forget.

The truth, as always, lay tragically obscured last week between the smacking indignation of the two camps. Football is undeniably and unquestionably a rough game that requires tough players. But in recent years football on the West Coast has been gnawed from within by a king-sized inferiority complex. Westerners have been reminded repeatedly that their style of play has become too dainty to equal the ruggedness of the modern game elsewhere. USC, for special reasons,

MOVIE CLIPS (BELOW LEFT) SHOW MCKEEVER FALLING ON BATES WHILE USC'S AL BANGORRAGE STOPS SHORT. LATER IN WEEK



"Truly sorry . . . for regrettable incident. This as well as other incidents in the game, we feel, could have been avoided. To the extent we are responsible, we apologize."

—NORMAN TOPPING, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

"It is unfortunate and regrettable that the boy [Bates] is hurt, but this incident should not be tried in the newspapers because it damages a fine boy [McKeever]."

—TOM HAMILTON, COMMISSIONER OF THE MOUNTAIN STATE AMATEUR ASSOCIATION OF BUNTERS UNIVERSITY

"A review of the film . . . indicates no misconduct on the part of Mike McKeever. He played one of

the greatest offensive and defensive games of football that I personally have ever seen."

—EDMUND G. BROWN, USC COACH

"It was one of the most flagrant violations I have ever seen in football. The only reason I'm saying anything at all is that this type of play has got to be stopped."

—PIERRE ELLIOTT, CALIFORNIA COACH

"To me this is a very serious thing. The whole question of dirty football playing, because if these coaches are teaching their young men to play dirty, why it's another step in the direction of cheating and playing the game unfair."

—EDMUND G. BROWN, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA

DOWN, MIKE

past renown, has responded perhaps more vigorously than the rest of the state to the pressure of this ulcerated sectional pride and has conceivably overcompensated. Mike and Marlin McKeever, the twin holy terrors of Los Angeles' Mount Carmel High School (which, were schoolboy All-Americans), were recruited by USC Coach Don Clark to lead the school back to glory.

The press built up the brother act with enthusiasm. Galahad and Lancelot were coming to the Trojans' rescue. USC was dubbed "The University of Southern McKeever." Said Marlin McKeever, before brother Mike's lethal elbows earned their undistinguished reputation: "We get

sheer pleasure out of football—out of knocking people down. . . . It's just plain fun." Mike McKeever, 19 and in his junior year, could be pardoned for youthful exuberance, for thinking special measures, a special dimension of violence, was expected of him. But sometimes, sensation, he seems to have gotten the idea that a code of behavior even he might focus on off the football field is O.K. on it, and nobody on USC's coaching staff apparently has bothered to correct this notion.

Intimidation, of course, is an integral part of modern football tactics, as important in its way as an adequate passing attack. To get an opponent to flinch (as many must at

the mere mention of the University of Southern McKeever) is to establish an incalculable advantage over him in football. If intimidation becomes deliberate jaxbreaking, however, football has ceased to be a game. When a boy misconstrues aggressiveness as modified manslaughter, the game is better off without him. Mike McKeever seems unclear on the point, possibly because Don Clark, a genuinely fine coach, has never taken the time to drive the point home. Mike McKeever was, have believed to 1968, but it is high time all football coaches took their bully boys aside and said, in effect, "Lay those elbows down, Mike."

END

MIKE MCKEEVER (RIGHT) JOINED BROTHER MARLIN IN TROJAN GULL, WHERE PAST USC HEROES GAVORY ON PHOTO-MARKS



THE TALL ONES IN BOSTON

by JEREMIAH TAX

**Chamberlain meets Russell
for the first time,
and a historic duel begins**

THE personal duel in American professional team sports is largely a thing of the past. This is true because athletes have learned that victory most often follows the subordination of individual talent to a cooperative effort. In basketball, a highly fluid game in which players constantly exchange assignments, it is perhaps truest of all. And yet, occasionally, two players appear whose skills are so similar and on whom their teammates count so greatly that a meeting of the teams becomes the occasion for a man-to-man battle.

Two such are the Boston Celtics' Bill Russell and the Philadelphia Warriors' Wilt Chamberlain, whose teams met last Saturday night in the Boston Garden before a tense, chattering crowd in a game that commanded the interest of basketball buffs all over the nation.

Russell is a lithe, graceful athlete who stands a shade under 6 feet 10 inches tall and moves with the ease of a man a foot shorter. He has been a professional for three years now, after leading the University of San Francisco to two national collegiate titles, the U.S. to victory in the Olympic Games in Melbourne and the Celtics to two world championships. On the Celtics, surrounded by many of the finest shooters (Bill Sharman, Tom Heinsohn, Frank Ramsey) and playmakers (Bob Cousy, Sam Jones, K.C. Jones) in basketball, he has two chief functions: first, to harass the opposition by blocking their shots and intimidating them by his pres-

ence when they think of shooting, and, second, to capture rebounds off the backboard to start Boston's fast-breaking attack. He has filled this difficult role so well since his arrival that Boston has become the best team ever assembled.

Chamberlain, slender of leg and thigh but powerfully muscled in arms and shoulders, is about three inches taller than Russell. After three highly successful years of basketball at Kansas University, he became impatient to capitalize on his deserved reputation and quit school for an extremely lucrative season with the Harlem Globetrotters. This is his first year with the Warriors, where his is an even more demanding assignment than Russell's. Aside from the free shooting of Paul Arizin and the excellent playmaking of Guy Rodgers, the Warriors cannot support him in the style to which Russell is accustomed. If Philadelphia is to beat the better teams in the pro league, he must do both of Russell's jobs, on defense and rebounding, and also score a great many points himself. In the first few games of the season, against other teams, he did just that, and Philadelphia won. And as the hour approached for the game with Boston there were experts who were certain he would also score enough points against Russell to turn the trick again.

The experts were wrong. What the duel proved, chiefly, is that against Russell, Chamberlain cannot get away with the few simple offensive moves he has found so effective against lesser men. Every time he tried to use his chief weapon, a fall-away jump shot, Russell went up with him; Russell's large hand flicked away at his vision, slapped at the ball, once blocked it

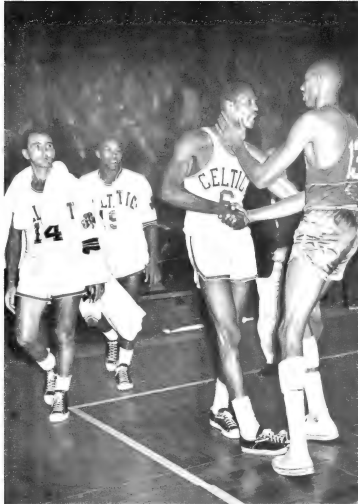
outright—a shocking experience for Wilt Chamberlain. All told, in this man-to-man situation Chamberlain hit exactly four baskets; the rest of his 39 points were made on tip-ins and a few dunk shots, in which, free of Russell, he stuffed the ball into the basket from above it. He took 38 shots, twice as many as Russell and more than anyone else on both teams. In the second half, obviously driven to extreme measures by Russell's tenacity, he tried more hook shots than he had in all his previous games—which is just what Russell wanted him to do because the hook is a difficult and unnatural maneuver. Chamberlain seemed it through his college days and has rarely practiced it since, on the theory that he hasn't needed it. Against Russell, clearly, he needs it. But he threw it with his wrist instead of a straight arm, and from a flat-footed stance. Not one went in. On rebounds he was repeatedly kept out of position by Russell and Tom Heinsohn, and only his height and jumping ability won him 28 to Russell's 25.

Interestingly enough, Russell, spurred by Chamberlain's offensive ability, scored 22 points, hooking with both hands very effectively and hitting eight consecutive free throws.

For the 14,960 present at the Garden, the occasion was turned into a double feature by Boston's Bob Cousy, who evidently had not been told what the big attraction was supposed to be. In any event, he dominated the game as he has so often done in recent years—though without adequate recognition, simply because we have all come to take this incredible athlete for granted. Last Saturday, after nine years as a professional, Cousy displayed a dozen sleight-of-hand tricks with the basketball that no one had ever seen before. He set up his teammates for scores all night and made 24 points himself. "The hardest thing about playing against Cousy," the veteran Slater Martin has said, "is to resist the temptation to stand around and watch him." From the stands, happily, no one is obliged to resist. Boston won 115-109. The next day, in Minneapolis, they forgot to tell Elgin Baylor that Boston was the best team in basketball. He set a new pee record with 64 points as his Laker team beat the Celtics 136-115.

SMH

EXHAUSTED by their game-long battle, Chamberlain (33) and Russell (22) make an Celtics star Cousy (34) leaves the court.



SPECTACLE

Photographed by David Goodnow

Fracas at the Feeding

MILLIONS of American homeowners who are now stocking the bird-feeding stations in their yards and gardens with assorted seeds and suet to help their bird friends through the winter will look for but never quite catch the startling antics shown on the following pages. A big part of the fun of a feeding station is watching the aerial didos the birds engage in as they establish priorities in the chow line, but few people are really aware of the fantastic positions the birds assume in the air as they battle to establish the pecking order. Their movements are so fast that only a high-speed camera can capture their contortions. Among birds coming regularly there are those that will dominate others. After the pecking order has been settled, individual birds seem to know when to take their turn in accepting the human handout. Of course, newcomers keep turning up at the station, so the battles continue to provide winter amusement for those feeding their local birds. It must be remembered that if a feeding station is established it should be kept well stocked through the winter. A station usually attracts an abnormally large concentration of birds in one area, and if their food supply is suddenly cut off while snow is on the ground they will have a hard time finding enough food to sustain themselves. As the birds shown here established their pecking order, they actually took their own pictures with a complicated arrangement of cameras and electric eyes which Photographer David Goodnow set up at the feeding station. To see just how the pictures were taken, turn to page 35.

Station

Winter birds battle for their place in the chow line when deep snow makes it difficult for them to find natural food

SQUARING OFF. Two goldfinches start an aerial dogfight to establish which bird will eat at the feeding station and which one will sit by and wait. The simplest feeding station will provide some fairly bird watching as well as help the wild birds over lean times.







EXPLOSION at the feeding station occurs when birds, frightened by a passing hawk or a growling cat, throw themselves into the air and take off for the safety of the nearest trees or shrubbery. In this picture birds scatter in all directions, intercepting electric beam to take their own photograph in the act of a quick getaway.



FINCH FIGHT takes place with feeding station as the arena. Goldfinches engage in a brief but hairless encounter to see which one has a free hand with the free seed set out for them. Camera stops purple finches (below) in strange postures as they come and go at the feeding tray. The more birds, the more arguments at the table.

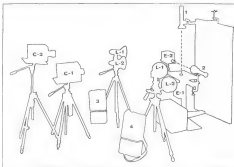




CONTEMPLATING COMPLEXITY OF CAMERAS AND COMPONENTS, DAVID GOODNOW MAKES A FINAL CHECK BEFORE BIRDS COME

HOW THE BIRDS TOOK THEIR PICTURES

Before his feeding station, Photographer Goodnow set up light sources (1 and 2) for two electric eyes (E-1 and E-2), one beam crisscross feeding area vertically, the other horizontally, and each connected via power packs (3 and 4) to a separate circuit of electronic flash and camera. If a bird broke the beam between 1 and E-1, the two lights (L-1) coupled to it would flash, and camera (C-1) would take its picture. In the same fashion, the horizontal beam between 2 and E-2 activated the other flash and camera. On rare occasions birds would break both of the beams, in which case they had their pictures taken simultaneously by both cameras but from slightly different angles.



BIG SPLASH IN THE RYDER CUP

LAST WEEK in the palmey, mountain-ringed setting pictured at the right a British golfer pulled a five-iron from his bag and sent the ball rocketing into a puddle with a splash heard round the world—the golfing world, at least.

The scene: the lush Eldorado Country Club in southern California's desert resort country.

The event: the biennial Ryder Cup contest between professionals from Britain and the U.S. The British were defending the trophy they had won two years ago, and in one of the first day's most exciting Scotch lousnesses, Harry Weetman and David Thomas led the American twosome of Sam Snead and Cary Middlecoff by 1 up on the final hole of their 36-hole match. To win the match, and tie the team score at two points apiece, the Weetman-Thomas twosome needed only to halve the hole.

It takes a very accurate shot to reach the green on this hole, the 18th (top picture), and to avoid the water traps with their one-stroke penalties. Snead hit his team's second shot into the water on the left. It was Weetman's turn next but, refusing to play safely short of the green (and thereby clinch the match), he aimed boldly for the flagstick. Plunk went the ball into the water on the right instead.

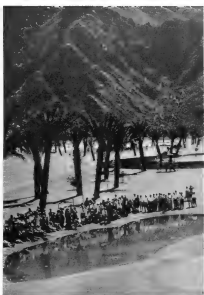
Snead quickly seized this chance at redemption. After Weetman had missed an 11-foot putt, Snead rolled in a nine-footer to win the hole and tie the match. After the first day, instead of being tied, the Americans led 2½-1½.

"How disappointing," snapped the British captain, Jim Rowe. "Harry should have played the shot safe. I'm afraid the team that wins today will be creek-a-soup tomorrow."

And so, plenty creek-a-heap, with a determination missing in previous years, the Americans marched out the next day, lost only one of eight singles matches and, by a score of 8½-3½, won the Ryder Cup.

END

Photographs by FRED BORN





DEATH OF A FIGHTER IN GUADALAJARA

THIS MEXICAN sure hits hard," a fighter told his handlers in Guadalajara one night last month. "I am tired," he said then. "Let's go home and rest." Then he turned, gasped, "Joe," and collapsed. Twenty-one hours later he was dead. News stories at the time told the sad story of Walter Ingram, but no words tell it as well as these pictures, which have just come to light.

Ingram had come to Mexico to fight Joe Beerra, the bantamweight champion of the world. He had won only one of four fights this year, and they said he was a pirate, a setup. But for four rounds he answered every blow. "The kid had guts, such guts," they said in the gym back home where Ingram used to work out.

In the fifth round Beerra caught Ingram with an awesome right to the jaw. Ingram reeled and clinked desperately. For the remainder of the fight he took terrible punishment. Why Ingram's corner allowed him to continue is inexplicable. Even more inexplicable is why the referee allowed the dreadful beating to go on. In the ninth round, when the fight was finally stopped, Ingram protested. He wanted to finish. Beerra embraced him, helped him to his stool. Minutes later, Ingram was unconscious.

A boxing commission doctor ordered his legs massaged. And for 15 minutes they were. Then he was carried to his dressing room and his legs were massaged some more. At the suggestion of other doctors Ingram was sent to the hospital.

He was taken first to a small clinic, which refused him because it was full and the hour, midnight, was too late. Next he was taken to a social security hospital, which refused him because it only treats members of Mexico's social security system. He was at last admitted to the Mexican American Hospital, where he was operated on for a fatal hemorrhage, a bursting of the blood vessels in the outer membrane of the brain. He

died, they said, of a heart attack following respiratory interruption. Walter Ingram was 34; he left, in Weirton, W. Va., a widow, three children and a 1958 Mercury.

"I don't know what to do," said the sorrowing Beerra later. "I want to rest for some time and go some place where I can meditate alone away from everybody."

"He was never floored but once before," they said at the gym. "He was always going, going, going."

No one can know if Ingram would have been saved if he had been hospitalized immediately. Doctors agree, however, that from the moment he collapsed he should have been placed in an oxygen tent.

Who is to blame? The Mexican

press blames the referee for not stopping the bout in the fifth round, and the boxing commission for permitting Ingram to fight without a physical examination. There are very few ring casualties each year, but these few almost always occur where expert, rigorous medical supervision, able, firm officials and sophisticated commission control are lacking. In New York, for instance, there has not been one serious ring injury since 1963, when a medical advisory board was established. The blame lies not in the game but, alas, in the administration of it.

"Walt was just getting on his feet," they said at the gym. "And a nice kid. You know what I mean, nice? I mean, they liked him so much he was always on the front page." **END**

DOWN FOR EIGHT COUNT IN THE TENTH INGRAM TRIES TO RISE MOMENTS LATER





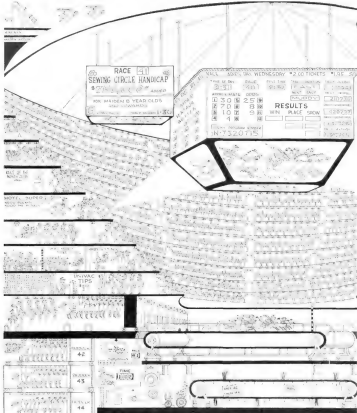
JOT BECERRA (RIGHT) HELPS CARRY INGRAM'S FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN. THE BEMILDERED CHAMPION CANCELED HIS NEXT FIGHT.

HE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS



HANDLERS ATTEND UNCONSCIOUS INGRAM AFTER BEATING BY BECERRA IN GUADALAJARA



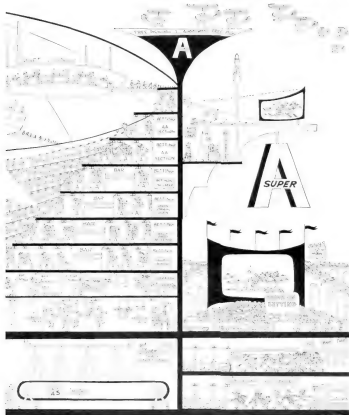


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4 70 5 8 6 8
7 10 8 9 9
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RESULTS
WIN PLACE SHOW
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
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TOMORROW'S TRACK: THE SUPER A

Drawing by Alex Tully



One twain wrong with the big A, according to old-time railbirds, is that it is too mechanized. Long Island's fancy new track, they say, is more like a supermarket than a proper mecca for horse fanciers.

Not so, says SPORTS ILLUSTRATION's imaginative artist Roy Doty, a horseplayer who has had his fill of muddy

puddles, green infield and shady benches under the elm: the big A is not mechanized enough. Aqueduct, figura Doty, is already as outdated as a county fair truck. What is needed now is the Super A, envisioned here with customers and horses alike riding a conveyor-belt race toward a supermechanized future.

END

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Frontier Justice

THE effigies of losing football coaches are being strung up quicker these days than home thieves on TV want-ers. But nowhere did range justice come quicker than at Duquesne University where Phi Kappa Theta fraternity happily "lynched" its coach, David Durr, an English instructor, after the team lost only one game.

"He had it coming. If he wasn't so conservative we would still be undefeated," said one enraged student. "Undefeated!" roared Coach Durr.

"They only played one other game and won that by a forfeit."

Diplomat Dick

A HIGH-LEVEL authority who may well have played the game with both parties concerned confided recently that Richard Milhous Nixon is a better golfer than Dwight David Eisenhower. Any evidence to the contrary, it was suggested, is just the normal camouflage of a discreet junior executive keeping his links talent hidden from a golfing boss.

Well, last week a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED correspondent followed Dick Nixon around 18 holes, at Los Angeles' posh Hillcrest Country Club, and found the Veep—if golf is any indication—at his discreet and diplomatic best.

On the very first tee Dick snatched his club up too quickly, then fung it down violently toward the ball, which scooted 100 yards down the fairway like a destructed rocket.

Partners Danny Kaye (#handicap), Danny Thomas (12) and Bernard Weinberg (13), the club president, tried to cheer him up. "You got a Mulligan, a Ginsberg and a Maloney on this tee," said Thomas. Nixon (17 handicap) accepted the offer, hit all three extra shots. The Mulligan soared high in the air, landed behind what might have been second base. The Ginsberg hooked far toward a distant oil well. The Maloney was down the middle, 225 yards, and the nervous Veep felt better.

Almost sprinting down the fairway toward Maloney, Mr. Nixon observed, a trifle less diplomatically perhaps, "I never use a cart. It defeats the whole purpose of the game," and recalled a Washington man of 70 who refuses to use even bridges across gullies because he wants the exercise of walking the slopes. He hit a fine nine-iron to the green and three-putted for what his partners insisted was a five.

Then, using the slightly stilted swing of a man who learned the game late, but a swing showing the concentration which deserted him on the first hole, the Vice-president began to improve.

To be sure, he was digging around in the weeds on the fourth hole when spotted by a housewife digging in the backyard of her home nearby. "Hello," she waved to the visiting statesman.

continued

CANADIAN GOLFERS PLANT BETS STYLE WITH PLASTIC FACE MASK.—News Item



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it feels great, stays neat, drip-dries ready for wear!

See it, and you'll say this is one sport shirt you've got to have. For "Orlon"™ acrylic fiber gives it a look and feel of unmistakable luxury. "Orlon" also makes it comfortably warm, yet comfortably light... just right for active wear. Wash it, and this shirt of true "Orlon", 65% wool dries neat... needs little, if any, ironing. And it won't shrink out of size, won't lose its soft, rich look. Get yourself one of these handsome shirts today. You'll soon want more, for sure.

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New morning distinction and pleasure await you in the Lincoln for 1960. For new "town car" elegance enhances the enduring beauty of Lincoln's classic styling. And luxury is reflected in every inch of this magnificently-built automobile: in the gleaming new instruments that anticipate your every need. In the unparalleled spaciousness of its interiors. In the rich new fabrics and soft, supple leathers. These are some of the ingredients that go into the brilliant new Lincoln for 1960—unquestionably the finest Lincoln in forty years. Inspect it soon. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL DIVISION • FORD MOTOR CO.



LINCOLN FOR 1960



Frank Gifford, half-back for the New York Giants and Mrs. Gifford wear matching Argyle Shag Sweaters by Jantzen.

Argyle shags, match-mated for Christmas giving

Great gift idea! Matching Argyle Shags by Jantzen... a brand new fashion, handsomely worn by International Sports Club member Frank Gifford and his lovely wife, Maxine. For the first time,

subtle Argyle patterns in rich long-hair fabric, 3 parts wool, 1 part mohair, knit in man-style, boat-neck pullovers. His or Hers at leading stores 16.95. What a wonderful Christmas gift.

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

"How's your garden?" he shouted back.

"It's a mess, how's your golf?" she answered.

"It's a mess, too," said Richard Nixon.

But it wasn't quite that bad. He closed out the front nine with a 51 and finished with a 43, and though the grand total might have left some players gnashing their teeth the Vice-president was plain proud. "It's a great game," he enthused. "I just don't play enough."

Come to think of it, he'd better not play too much. He just might get good enough to beat the boss.

Magnificent Obsession

ON the glass door of the city hall in Belleville, Ontario is a proud motto: *MAJINEM EST VERTICAL PARSONIA*, or, "Great is the reward of thrift." That motto never seemed so meaningful as it did last week, when a Royal commission probing into the city's finances issued a report indicating a possible shortage of \$612,000, of which at least \$142,000 was brought about by an overgenerous use of funds for the hockey team that was Belleville's pride and joy.

"I doubt," said one lawyer, "if any greater exhibition of municipal mismanagement has occurred. . . ." Belleville's sudden departure from its old parsimonious ways, said another, seemed to have been caused by "a magnificent obsession about hockey." This obsessive sentiment toward hockey was ironically evidenced in the fact that Belleville's city manager and the manager of its hockey team were one and the same: 40-year-old Drury Denyes. When Denyes took over in 1936 the team was financed by a builder named McFarland, who put up \$2,600 to help maintain it. In return the team was called the Belleville McFarlands. By the rules governing play in its league, Belleville was allowed to spend \$1,500 a week on players' payroll and remain technically amateur. Denyes, a former Royal Canadian Air Force pilot, son of a prominent family,

husky and popular, found that he had to bid high to get first-rate players to come to Belleville and play on the team. Then he had to get jobs for them, and sometimes houses for their families. But in the hockey obsession that swept the town, these matters did not seem insoluble: John McClelland was hired from the Cleveland Barons for \$500 plus \$4,500 a year; Al Dewsbury came from the Hershey (Penn.) Bears for \$1,000 plus a \$5,000 salary.

True, the hockey team budget couldn't support such payments. But the city budget could—or so it seemed at first. Denyes, the report said, used his position as city manager to transfer hockey accounts to the city's general account and to pay salaries out of the town's general fund. Hard-working and enjoying unlimited confidence, Denyes took care of some salaries each week by carrying them on the public payroll as wages paid school guards and temporary employees. He had players working as electricians and at all sorts of city jobs. The effort paid off in championship hockey, and as the shortage mounted, Denyes carried on in the dreamy conviction that some day one last great triumph would fix everything: if the Belleville team became world champions, for instance, they would draw so many customers that the debt could be quietly repaid before anyone knew it existed.

The dream came only partly to reality. Last spring the McFarlands played 27 games in Europe, took in \$200,000 (enough to have

paid all the various debts and expenses the hockey team and its manager had piled up) and did in fact win the world amateur championship at Prague. The team came back to Belleville serenaded by brass bands, with Denyes hailed as a conquering hero. But the hero's heart was heavy. For the European tour was taken out of his hands and run by the International Ice Hockey Association, which allowed the McFarlands only a thrifty \$1,000 per game expense money, or a total of \$27,000. When a preliminary audit called Denyes to account he was already a beaten man. "Show it the way it is," he said forlornly.

The report of the judicial inquiry indicates that "the way it is" was far worse than anyone had imagined. A man already disengaged in athletics, Denyes now faces the possibility of prosecution. Players are being sued for unreported income taxes. The town is being sued because neighboring suburbs were annoyed and these say they want no part of a \$142,000 hockey binge. The town's debt has soared, and the Belleville McFarlands have plummeted to the bottom of the hockey league.

Magnum est cetipal parsoniam, or, as any ignoramus knows, Probosc optima via per nitens est.

Peace

ENGLAND'S Philip John Noel-Baker, whose lifetime quest for Peace with a capital P last week won him

continued

They Said It

JOHN BROWN, Cleveland Browns fullback, answering a photographer's post-game plea for a smile: "That's the best I can do. I got kit in the mask."

MICKY HANTLE, New York Yankee outfielder, on having penicillin: "There's one good thing about it. Nobody wants you for banquets."

BIG DADDY LIPSCOMB, Baltimore Colt tackle, on why he helps ball carriers to their feet after slamming them down: "I don't want people or kids to think Big Daddy is a cruel man."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

the Nobel Prize, once followed another capital P with less success.

An outstanding athlete who was later to captain two British Olympic track teams, Noel Baker was running for Pennsylvania's Haverford College in a 1907 U.S. intercollegiate track meet.

The outstanding opponent in the 43-man field was a Penn runner, and Noel-Baker's coach told him to follow "that man with the big P on his back" to the final turn, then sprint to victory.

An obedient athlete, the future Nobel man singled out a man with a P and latched on tight. He remembers now that he felt somewhat uneasy

when the rest of the field pulled rapidly away, but it didn't, at the time, occur to him that capital P's were likely to be fairly common when Pennsylvania athletes are present. It wasn't until the race was almost over that Noel-Baker saw, far ahead, the back of the man who won the race. Yours was a big letter on it; also a P.

The Solid Gold Golf Club

FOR one thousand four hundred and seventy-five dollars, Tiffany's, a New York jewelry store that always spells out its four-figure prices advertised for sale in *The Wall Street Journal* last week a 14-karat-gold

golf putter. Tiffany's assured interested buyers that it guaranteed the putter's accuracy, i.e., the golf course and even suggested such an elaborate solemn occasion for such expensive surroundings that it could be melted down in a financial crisis. A few days later the firm modified its pitch. The putter, it turned out, was useful only as a trophy or souvenir.

Why the shift? Because the U.S. Treasury, whose concern with buying and selling gold exceeds even that of Tiffany's and its customers', had spotted the ad and reminded the Fifth Avenue jeweler that the manufacture of gold putters for putting or melting was against the rules. "It does not appear to be a customary use of gold," was the nice way the Treasury man said it.

To Tiffany's relief, the one gold putter it had sold was commissioned by Parker & Co., insurance brokers, as a reward to R. Louis Clark. A partner at Parker's, Mr. Clark has scored meritiously for 39 years and shoots golf in the high 90s. Tiffany's patterned the club after a Spalding cash-in putter used by Mr. Clark which retails for less than \$20. Insurance man Clark reports the putter is well balanced, if somewhat heavier than his Spalding, and came in a satin-lined box. It is just the thing, he says, for putting across the living room rug. A law-abiding man, he has no intention of flouting the gold policy by using his trophy on the green.

But the gold is Mr. Clark's putter is worth only three hundred dollars. Which means that the creative genius of Tiffany's as a nonoperative sporting goods maker spells out to a cost of a cool one thousand one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Angling for Books

THE enjoyment of all sports, perhaps, is in book collecting, a pastime closely linked in spirit and philosophy to the gentle art of angling, which likewise combines the contemplative approach, patience, skill and an indefinable satisfaction in the rare catch.



"Sir, when they play The Star-Spangled Banner do I remove my head?"

Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A Characterization



Captain Robert Hinman—Lake Mohawk, N.J.—chief pilot, charge of Boeing 707 jet training—began flying 1931—began smoking Robt. Burns Panatelas five years ago after "tiring of cigarettes."



Lives in 125-year-old house, farms 12 acres—gets some help from son Robert 14, daughter Susan 16, "but not much"—finds slow plodding speed of tractor a welcome contrast after day in a jet.



Loves chess—plays one night a week with neighbor Steve Kuller—"Some of our games would still be going if not for Mrs. Hinman"—doesn't make a move without a fresh supply of extra mild Robt. Burns Panatelas



Member Mad River Hunting Club, New York State—favorite weapon: custom Wildcat 22-250 built by Roy Vail—regards Robt. Burns Panatelas and hunting perfect combination—a man's smoke for a man's sport.

Robt. Burns Panatela De Luxe—2 for 27¢. Other distinctive shapes: 2 for 25¢—15¢ each—3 for 50¢—25¢ each.

The reason for Robt. Burns' unique richness: Smooth Smoke Binder Tobacco—a re-ferm of tobacco, completely without for even burning. smoother smoking.

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

The other day angling and bibliography came together in a confluence of their separate streams at Sotheby's auction rooms in London, where booklovers eyed 265 works of angling literature from the collection of the late J. C. Lynn as if the tomes were so many rainbows idling in a peaceful pool.

Lynn's was one of the last such great collections in the world. It contained a first edition of Isaac Walton's *The Compleat Angler*, another of *The Secrets of Angling*, Colonel Robert Nevilles' 500-year-old *The Experience of Angler* and a musty tome whose title page, reproduced here, reveals it to be:

A BOOKE OF ANGLING, OR FISHING.

Wherein is shewed, by
conference with Scipione, the a-
greatest secrets the FISHING
with FISHES, FISHING
of both sea & Trough,
and of Angling.

By SAMUEL GARDINER
Doctor of Divinity,

Author of a
Treatise on the History of Angling.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Purfoot,
1664.

The prize catch in the Sotheby pond was a second edition of Dame Juliana Berners' *Book of St. Albans* (S1, May 18, 1957 at seq.), which includes the 15th-century classic treatise on *Fyrshinge with an Angler*.

Disposing first of numerous small fry, Sotheby's auctioneer, Anthony Hobson, finally asked for a bid on the Berners. The first out of \$1,400 curled out over the ears of onlookers and landed with a pleasing plop in the consciousness of Mr. Hobson. "Going to be a tough catch" was the word at the big bid. Up came another lure from a different corner of the room, slipped by a chap who



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offered successive hundred-pound raises with a quick jerk of a yellow pencil. Ten-second pauses and the bidding mounted. At \$8,140 the yellow pencil stopped ticking, admitted defeat. Safely netted by a London bookstore manager was the Berens.

Whom did he represent? Well, a rare book dealer is as likely to tell you that as a Scot gillie is to lead you to his favorite trout stream. But the word is that New York's famous collector Carl Otto von Klenzsch is smiling contentedly in his library these days, big winner in a quiet sport.

Football & the Faculty

WHEN Robert Maynard Hutchins, tart-tongued warden of 39, was leaving Yale Law School to become president of the University of Chicago he cast a baleful eye toward the Yale Bowl and prophesied, with an overtone that included all of intercollegiate football: "That will be an archeological ruin in 25 years."

Yale's Bowl and intercollegiate football in general both managed to survive the succeeding 39 years, but Hutchins did bring a measure of truth to his prophecy at Chicago, which in 1939 dropped out of the Big Ten Conference and gave up all intercollegiate football.

In succeeding years the ranks of those who subscribed to the dyspeptic Hutchins view swelled visibly. As the desire for winning teams and the player-recruiting frenzy in the Big Ten mounted, it posed a patent threat to academic integrity in an educational complex whose students (207,000) number more than those of all the universities in Great Britain.

"It began to look," Assistant Big Ten Commissioner Bill Reed told SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Correspondent Nick Thimmesch last week, "as though our football would be strictly professional by 1971. We had reached a critical point between athletics and education."

The result, in 1956, was a three-daygoing faculty examination of the whole problem, a study which

led to the enactment of a series of rules so strict as to cause an occasional raised eyebrow in even the de-emphasized Ivy League.

The old play-for-pay scholarship ride, with make-work tasks that were never performed by athletes, was replaced by a regulation permitting the granting of scholarships to athletes only if their families could show need, and then only if the boy was in the upper two-thirds of his high school class. Recruiting tactics were strictly circumscribed, and special athlete curriculums were limited.

Many Big Ten coaches howled in pain. "What we're looking for under this code is a penniless genius with muscles," moaned Northwestern's Ara Parseghian. "If this keeps up," warned Michigan State's Duffy Daugherty, "the caliber of Big Ten football will drop badly." "Socialistic, communistic, foolish and unrealistic," said Iowa's Forest Evanshewski.

But the net result was a notable rise in the academic standings of Big Ten athletes (where only 15% of conference lettermen had once graduated, the figure rose closer to 30%), a commendable easing of faculty-football tension and no discernible lessening of enthusiasm among the three million fans who still flock to Big Ten games each year. Even Evanshewski has at last admitted a preference for smarter athletes. "After

all," is the way he puts it, "they're running up and down the field with my facebook in their hands. They'd better be bright."

Today control by faculty has largely replaced control by the lion 142,000 alumni in Big Ten football. The control varies from tight at Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin to slight at Indiana, Northwestern and Iowa, schools which are still in phases of football excitement; the others have already passed through, but control it is. As a consequence, the professors are no longer screaming for abolition. On a recent tour of the Big Ten to sound out faculty feeling Correspondent Thimmesch found a measure of downright enthusiasm. "Big Ten schools are growing up," Ohio State's Allred Garrett told him.

"Football has run each and every one of the Big Ten schools at one time or another," said Minnesota's Dean Athelstan Spillhaus. "Now we have a more sensible attitude toward it."

Of course, and inevitably, there are still and will always be conflicts. This was made plain at anti-footballer Hutchins' own ex-Big Tennesseer Chicago the other day as a tense crowd of 39 watched the team of U of C scrum take on an equally informal outfit from Wilson Junior College. The kickoff in this diffident return of intercollegiate football to the once-forbiddes territory was delayed a full 10 minutes because Chicago's end was tied up in a physics exam.

Dial M for Memory

ON Oct. 30, 1921, little Centre College in Danville, Ky., beat mighty Harvard 8-0, and hardly a Danvillian is now alive who has forgotten that famous day and year. Last future generations in Danville forget the game that was just about the biggest football upset of the half century, the town's telephone company has announced that all numbers in its new dial system will be preceded by a nostalgic exchange: CENrE 6. **END**



In a Tarp

It doesn't take a pro to see
What causes this golfer to press;
He's using an iron, you'd agree,
That is used to press a dress.

—ROBERT DREYFUS

For the defense

The offense-minded pros look to the defensive platoon to win games, and championships

THE ART of defense has always been a grubby, unsung, unnoticed part of football—especially professional football. For a long time no one but close friends, relatives and a few creditors could tell you the name of a defensive tackle or a linebacker. This attitude was, unfortunately, reflected in pay checks; the five-figure incomes were reserved for pro quarterbacks, ends and halfbacks.

Now all of this has changed. When the defensive platoon trots off the field at Kerner Stadium in San Francisco, the stands rise and howl; when the New York Giants' middle linebacker, Sam Huff, unjoins a Chicago Cardinal ball carrier, the New York fans cheer lustily. There is, of course,

good reason for all this enthusiasm.

As the pro football teams headed into the second half of the season last Sunday, those with the best defenses were in the lead. In the Western Conference, San Francisco stopped the explosive Los Angeles Rams 24-16. Since the 49ers shut out the Rams 34-0 in their first meeting of the league season (SL, Nov. 9), this may not seem an impressive defensive performance until you realize that the Rams were still leading both conferences in total yards gained. In the Eastern Conference the wonderfully wise New York Giant defense throttled the Chicago Cardinals 9-3, and the Giants retained first place in their division. In second place, only a game behind, were the Cleveland Browns, a traditionally stingy defensive team.

The top teams after the seventh game of the season pointed up another change in pro football this year:

the running offense is beginning to overtake the aerial attack. Both the 49ers and the Giants pass well but depend on their ground troops. This goes back again to defense. The pros are set up now to cut off the game-winning long pass: the four-man line and seven-man secondary is designed to limit a passing offense to the short passes. The 49ers and the Giants (and the Browns, too, for that matter) take advantage of this, not by throwing short passes but by sending very strong, capable runners barreling away through that thin first rank of defenders.

The 49ers' victory gave them a long lead in their conference. Baltimore, the defending world champions, who are in second place, stumbled grievously against the much improved Washington Redskins 24-17, and now trail San Francisco by two full games with five to go. The Colts' 1958 championship was due as much as anything else to their superb defensive platoon. This group, mature and knowledgeable in 1958, has, possibly, become overripe. The Baltimore offense, operating behind football's best quarterback, John Unitas, still scores freely—but the defense has begun to leak too many touchdowns.

The Chicago Bears, whose offensive pyrotechnics were considered second only to Los Angeles' in preseason estimations, won their third game of the year, defeating Green Bay 28-17. Two of the Chicago touchdowns came after the ball had been jarred loose from Packer ball carriers and recovered by the eager Bear defensive platoon. The Bears then protected the victory by twice holding the Packers on the one-yard line in the second half. Chicago and Green Bay retain remote chances at the Western Conference championship; the Bears' George Halas still maintains that a 7-5 record will be good enough to win in the West. The Bears, so far, have accomplished an easy part of that record. They have lost four games.

The victory of Cleveland over Philadelphia (28-7) was a sad portent for the remaining Brown opponents. It left the Browns only a game behind the Giants, with the two teams heading for what should be the most decisive game in the Eastern Conference this year on December 6 in Yankee Stadium. The Giants, you may recall, won the first game 16-6, in Cleveland. Paul Brown, Cleveland's fine

continued



COLT DEFENDERS stopped Washington's Dick James after four yards on this play when Dick Bryman-42-32 plucked him from air, but Washington won game 37-24.



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See "The Practical Doctor" on "The American Heritage" Sunday, November 22, NBC-TV

Watch out!

coach, has wrought wonders with a team which began the season with a good defense, Jimmy Brown and little else. Brown has carried the ball an average of more than 25 times a game for Cleveland, gaining a total of 862 yards and scoring 19 touchdowns. While he has almost singlehandedly kept Cleveland in the race, Quarterback Milt Plum, after a shaky start, developed slowly. Sunday, against the Philadelphia Eagles, he completed 12 of 26 passes for 128 yards—no great performance—but enough to promise relief for Brown in future games. Brown should have more running room, a thought which must frighten opposing defensive linebackers and linemen.

Pittsburgh and Detroit, two havenot teams, played a 16-10 tie. This was not so much a triumph of two very good defenses as it was the product of two flawless offenses. Both Pittsburgh and Detroit lack good running backs and their low-scoring game underlines again that pro defenses can now handle a purely passing attack.

END

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush	Yds. Pass	Pts. Comp.
Browns vs. Packers	29 17	177 104	257 32	90.17 5.15
Browns vs. Eagles	24 7	182 67	128 247	17.26 21.61
Lions vs. Steelers	19 13	173 66	191 823	8.26 12.27
Packers vs. Colts	37 24	56 96	227 211	87.34 56.36
Giants vs. Cardinals	9 3	120 114	144 49	21.78 8.23
Ailers vs. Rams	24 16	368 275	131 264	8.14 21.25

LEAGUE STANDINGS

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
San Francisco	6	1	0	.857
Baltimore	4	3	0	.571
Chicago Bears	3	4	0	.429
Green Bay	2	4	0	.333
Los Angeles	1	5	0	.167
Detroit	1	5	1	.167

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
New York	6	1	0	.857
Cleveland	5	2	0	.714
Philadelphia	4	3	0	.571
Washington	3	4	0	.429
Pittsburgh	2	4	1	.333
Chicago Cardinals	2	5	0	.286

Look for, see to it, heed, mark, point the finger, rivet the eye... demand—that every new suit, every pair of slacks you buy has the new trouser zipper, *Talon Little-Zip*. It's only ½ the size, lighter weight yet just as strong as big, bulky, old-fashioned trouser

zippers. It makes such a tremendous difference in tailoring, you've got to see it to believe it! Ask any man... anywhere. You'll notice the difference yourself... if you notice *first* that the new clothes you buy have the new *Talon* Little-Zip*.



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How we learned the secret of the Derby Daiquiri

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who got the tip at El Comandante in Puerto Rico)

PUERTO RICO surprises you. In one afternoon we discovered the world's most glamorous race track and a new kind of daiquiri.

The track is El Comandante. The drink is the Derby Daiquiri. *Séñor Mongil*, the man in the white suit above, introduced us to both.

The Derby Daiquiri is a lovely golden drink. And quite easy to make. The secret: you must use a light, light Puerto Rican rum—unlike any rum you have ever tasted.

We never thought we'd find a drink as good

as the regular daiquiri. But the Derby Daiquiri finished in a dead heat. See if you agree.

Mix 1 oz. of orange juice, ½ oz. of lime juice, a scant teaspoon of sugar, 1½ oz. of light Puerto Rican rum in a blender with 1 cup of crushed ice. Blend 10 seconds. *Strain*—ice, in liquid state. (If you don't have a blender, use shaker and ice cubes.)

P.S. For a free booklet of exciting Puerto Rican rum recipes, write Rooms of Puerto Rico, Dept. 1-2, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.





TRIPLE-TREAT

Treat #1: BUY ANY JACKET SHOWN

A. SNOW JAC—Breathable, quilted, completely waterproof. Available in several styles. Sizes: 36-44. Color: navy blue. Price: \$99.95

B. SILEN—Breathable, quilted, completely waterproof. Available in several styles. Sizes: 36-44. Color: navy blue. Price: \$99.95

C. STOCKTON—Quilted jacket of waterproof, breathable material. Available in several styles. Sizes: 36-44. Color: navy blue. Price: \$99.95

D. TEMPLE—Tailored, quilted, completely waterproof. Available in several styles. Sizes: 36-44. Color: navy blue. Price: \$99.95

E. TRIUMPH—Tailored, quilted, completely waterproof. Available in several styles. Sizes: 36-44. Color: navy blue. Price: \$99.95

F. TWIGG—Quilted, completely waterproof. Available in several styles. Sizes: 36-44. Color: navy blue. Price: \$99.95

Treat #2: GIVE YOUR OLD JACKET TO THE NEEDY

Mail your old jacket to our factory, along with sales receipt for any jacket shown above (or many others featured at all Bud Benna dealers). We will give it to some needy person overseas—through relief organizations (Crutch Wind Service and Catholic Relief Services) representing over 85,000,000 Americans, which distribute aid to more than 60 countries without regard to race, color or creed.



OUTERWEAR!

**Treat #3: GET THIS \$5.00
SPORT SHIRT FREE!**

For your generosity to someone in need, you get this luxurious Bud Berma sport shirt, in your choice of 7 handsome colors! Follow easy instructions on the "Clothe The Needy" hang-tag, found on every Bud Berma garment to which this offer applies.

This offer expires Dec. 31, 1968



BUD BERMA

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Horseman on a favorite

Tim Durant, Master of Fox Hounds and amateur cook, bakes trout in aluminum foil

FROM NOVEMBER TO MAY, a few dozen miles from Hollywood, snarlet-coated riders follow the hounds across the rugged ranch country north of Malibu, into the valleys of Oxnard and sometimes, if the quarry dictates it, up through a sycamore grove to the bluffs that overlook the Pacific. The quarry in this Far Western adaptation of the traditional English fox hunt is the wily coyote—bigger than a fox, faster, and seldom run to earth, offering a fine, difficult chase to the members of the West Hills Hunt Club.

Joint Master of the Hunt, together with Movie Actor Dan Dailey, is Thomas Welles (Tim) Durant, an all-around sportsman who counts in addition to horsemanship—baseball, tennis and cooking among his special skills. At his house in Beverly Hills, Durant enjoys treating his fellow hunters to such tasty dishes as the brook trout with almonds which he is shown serving on the opposite page. His hunting companions at West Hills include Film Stars José Ferrer, Ronald Reagan and Joan Fontaine, as well as John Huston, the director. It was Huston who persuaded Tim to take the part of the general in *The Red Badge of Courage*—a role played entirely in the saddle—by telling him, "It's much easier to teach riders to act than it is to teach actors to ride."

Tim Durant found out how to act a horse at the age of 7. A tall, lean New Englander with a soft voice, he moved to California in 1936 and has been associated with various producers in the motion picture business. He now divides his time between Beverly Hills and a home in Washington, Conn., where he and his second wife Mary, a fine horsewoman, are active in local hunt circles. They were married in January, 1953. The place? John Huston's house in County Kildare, Ireland. The wedding celebration: a fox hunt.

Durant, who is a past president of the United Hunt Rearing Association, has engaged in almost every manner of competitive riding in many parts of the world. He hopes some day, before putting away his tack, to retire to that longed-for time of his equestrian trials, the Grand National at Aintree. The ambition was almost realized in 1957, when he bought the high-weighted Irish steeplechaser, Sam Brownstone, and crossed the ocean for the event, only to meet disap-

pointment when the horse was injured before the race.

Durant acquired his love of horses from his father, who drove trotters at county fairs and also owned the Waterbury, Conn. baseball team. Tim was the team's bat boy before he went on to play first base at Andover and Yale. He had a season of semiprofessional ball on Cape Cod and was given a tryout with the Cincinnati Reds before deciding to pass up a possible career in the game for a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. Running true to the Durant bloodline, Tim's daughter, Marjorie, is not only a brilliant horsewoman but a champion swimmer as well, twice winner of the marathon La Jolla race. She is married to Ron Waller, a famous half-back at the University of Maryland and for several years a backfield star of the Los Angeles Rams.

As a cook, Tim Durant favors simple preparations and is a strong advocate of aluminum foil. He learned about foil cookery years ago from Charlie Chaplin on a ramping trip. For outdoor cooking it has distinct advantages, since the heavy grade of foil can be shaped easily into leakproof pots, Dutch ovens, etc., eliminating the need for carrying these bulky utensils. Regular-weight foil can be wrapped around meat, vegetables or other foods and the silvery packages laid on a grill for cooking—or dropped right into the embers.

For use indoors, Durant points out that foil serves a special purpose in eliminating kitchen smells in the house that does not boast perfect ventilation. The smell of a cooking trout, for example, when wrapped in foil, is entirely sealed in with the juice of the fish—and so, he believes, is the flavor. Of course, like any food cooked in foil, the exterior of the fish will be moist. For the sportsman who must have the skin of his trout crisp, this is not the method to use. For the one with an open mind on the subject, here is Tim Durant's prescription:

BROOK TROUT WITH ALMONDS (serves four)

- 4 medium-size brook trout
- 1/2 pound blanched, sliced almonds
- 1/2 pound butter
- 2 lemons
- Chopped parsley

Place each trout on a piece of aluminum foil (the heavier grade is best). Put 2 tablespoons of blanched, sliced almonds in the cavity of each fish. Park the cavity with butter, and put more butter on top of and beneath the fish. Use 4 tablespoons of butter for each trout. Wrap foil carefully around the fish so that it is completely sealed. Cook in the oven at 350° for 25 minutes. Unwrap trout, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve with lemon wedges.

UNWRAPPING FOIL. Tim Durant prepares to serve trout with creamed new potatoes, a salad, sour-dough bread and beer. Among trophies is the Motion Picture Tennis Championship Cup, which he won in doubles partnership with Charles Byers.



A MAN AND HIS CAMERA



A PICTURE TAKEN FROM THE BOAT

In 1888 Kodak No. 1 advertisements emphasized bond between the sportsman

'You press the button ...

by FRED R. SMITH

WHEN George Eastman introduced Kodak No. 1 in 1888 with the now-classic advertising slogan, "You press the button, we do the rest," amateur photography was born. By 1891 more than 90,000 affluent, newly gadget-conscious Americans had paid \$25 for a simple box which came fully loaded with enough film for 100 exposures. Once all the film was used the camera, still loaded, was mailed back to Eastman in Rochester; and for \$10 the owner received a reloaded camera and 100 mounted circular photographs, provided they all came out. If they followed the examples Eastman used in his ads, the pictures were of the owner's happiest hours: of sport and play and family. And the camera, only three years after No. 1 hit the market, was becoming as indispensable to a tourist as a Gladstone bag.

Today, 71 years later, there is scarcely a part of the planet that has not been seen by the camera's eye. Man's constant companion, the camera has traveled to the depths of the sea, to the heights of outer space, to equatorial jungles and the eternal ice world of the poles. In the U.S. the still camera is 43 million strong and it takes some 2 billion pictures yearly. Photography is a billion-dollar business, one that has grown twice as fast as the national economy over the last decade. To the sportsman and sports lover this bonanza has a particular signifi-

cance, for with the modern camera and its growing array of equipment he can come closer to and find more enjoyment in the sport he loves by capturing its fleeting moments of excitement on film and holding them forever. And the picture-taking industry today offers him a succession of cameras and accessories with which he can proceed, step by step, from the level of the simplest box camera to near-professional scope and skill.

Picture-taking has become America's No. 1 hobby, and the world's manufacturers of camera equipment are having a field day turning out the tools. Such a field day, in fact, with electric eyes and remote-control slide projectors, scintillated flashbulbs and zoom lenses, that what to buy has become a bigger puzzle for the average amateur than *if* stops and film speeds ever were.

The simple dollar box of yesterday is now a thing of chrome, plastic and promise of better pictures built right into it in the form of flash synchronization and eye-level viewers, all for \$5.95. There are over 30 million of these basic cameras in use today, and 1½ million more will be bought this Christmas season. They are still the most popular of cameras, because they take perfectly satisfactory pictures for a minimum of cost and ability. But even the box camera offers scope and gadgets with which its owner can increase his picture-taking power; far from being just a snapshot-taker, it can be used as a relatively versatile springboard to broader and bigger things.



A TOURIST AND HIS CAMERA



A TOURIST WITH HIS CAMERA

or tourist and his camera but used drawings, not photographs, for campaign

we do the rest'

Modern marvels await sportsmen-
photographers. Here is a guide to
the newest in the camera bonanza

For the beginner, first of all, the box camera is almost surefire. All models have fixed or zone focus which gives reasonably sharp images from four feet to infinity; most have apertures fixed at a setting of $f/32$, which is safe under average conditions. There are two shutter speeds, "instantaneous" and "bulb," or "long," for time exposures. The instantaneous speed is approximately $1/60$ second—brief enough for the average snapshot, though not fast enough to stop any real action.

TO this basic box camera, however, a number of things have been or can be added to extend its scope. Close-up lenses are available for some models, which make portraits possible. The Anaco Cadet and many other cameras have settings for both black-and-white and color which accommodate the aperture to the speeds of the two types of film. A device to prevent double exposures has been built into many models. And while every box camera can take perfectly satisfactory pictures in color and black-and-white in good lighting, it is now also a round-the-clock instrument—every modern, simple camera comes equipped to handle flash attachments, and many have them built right in.

So the box camera has come a long way—but it is still only the beginning. Behind it, row on row, the amateur peering into his camera-store window can see the instruments for his further progress up the ladder—not giant

steps, but easy ones both for him and for his pocket-book, with automation and simplicity still helping him all the way.

Even the first step up that ladder, from the low-priced box camera to its middle-priced, more versatile offspring, is a heady one. Suddenly you're in control. You can change the lens opening, the shutter speed and the focus. You can take pictures under less than sun-bright conditions without flashing a bulb in baby's face. You can stop a racing horse. You can control the focus and get sharper contact prints and enlargements. In the range of cameras that reach from the boxes to the realm of Reflex and Leicas stretch an enormous variety of new cameras of all types endowed with a variety of new developments that are the talk of the business.

The entrance of the Japanese into the camera world after the Korean war shook the entire camera industry from top to bottom. With their superior Nikons and Canons in the 35-mm. field and their highly competitive lower-priced cameras, the Japanese gave a tremendous boost, not only to quality cameras, but also to the popular-priced field, with features formerly available only on much more expensive instruments. Their competition has caused both German and domestic manufacturers to concentrate on this market. The result is an all-out effort to make picture-taking so easy that no one

continued

can resist buying a camera, and the big move, particularly in this middle ground (\$25 to \$109 cameras), is to automation and simplicity. After a national photo tradeshow last March, the *Wall Street Journal* said, "From now on the trend away from the biffing, gadget-laden picture instrument proves into high gear."

One of the most controversial of the new developments is the electric eye. First successfully launched by Bell and Howell in 1937 on an 8-mm. movie camera, it entered the still-camera field in 1938 and 1969 with the arrival of such cameras as the Brownie Staromatic (\$34.50) and the Bell and Howell Infallible (\$44), both of which use 35 film and are little more than glorified box cameras, with the aperture the only part that shifts with the light. Other cameras are the Agfa Optima (\$79.95), a 35-mm. camera with a *f* 3.9 lens and three-zone focusing; the Kodak Automatic 35 (\$84.50) with a *f* 2.8 lens; and the Revue 8K (\$139.50), a 127-roll-film camera with a *f* 2.8 lens.

The principle of the electric eye (*see diagram on page 45*) is simply enough: the objective is to change aperture and/or shutter speed automatically to best employ available light. A cell activated by light sends a minute electrical impulse to the controls, which in turn change the aperture and in some cases the shutter speed. The still cameras employing the principle are among the best-selling newcomers at the photo dealers. This success seems to prove a statement made by an executive of Willoughby in New York City, the largest camera store in the world: "Any product at all in the photographic line which is simpler will sell."

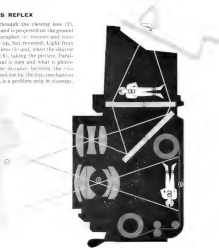
The blessings of the electric eye are not unmixed ones. It—and all automation, for that matter—standardizes picture-taking in a manner that robs the photographer of some of his initiative. Says Ansel Adams, "It might well lead to a disastrous extinction of individuality. Better exposures do not always imply better pictures." And Dorothea Lange says, "Rarefire things are deadening to the human spirit."

However, for the man who wants a sure-fire, unthinking man's camera, the electric eye has much to offer. But its user must be aware that the electric eye takes in all the light reflected from the scene—not just the light on the main subject alone, which must be measured by taking a closeup reading with a hand-held light meter. And if one were, for instance, photographing a darkly clothed skier in the snow, one would more than likely get an underexposed skier. Most cameras have, however, a manual override which gives the user control of setting the aperture in conditions where the automatic exposure might give poor results.

While there are as yet only a few electric-eye still cameras, built-in or attachable light meters are now found on many other cameras. From the Sarnox L28 (\$49.95) to the Easikita Lightmeter Ha (\$329.50), they show another effort on the part of the photographic industry to make the choosing of exposures, whether by the tyro or the wizard, a less complicated affair. This convenience should not blind the photographer to the fact

TWIN-LENS REFLEX

Image of subject (1) passes through the viewing lens (2), strikes a 45°-angled mirror (3) and is projected on the ground glass (4), on which the photographer's eye focuses and responds. The image is right side up, but reversed. Light from the subject (1) passes through lens (5) and, when the shutter opens, hits surface of the film (6), taking the picture. Parallax, the slight difference in what is seen and what is photographed thus is caused by the distance between the two lenses, is sometimes compensated for by the lens mechanism of the camera and, in any case, is a problem only in closeups.



that he still has to take pains to get the correct reading for the photograph he wants to take, whether the meter is hand-held or attached. If it is attached, he must move the camera to take a reading—an extreme disadvantage when a tripod is being used. And if the meter is actually built into the camera, he will have to send the whole works out for repair if the meter fails.

If amateur photography took its first flight with the arrival of the Kodak No. 1, it began to soar with the birth of two cameras some 39 years later: the 35-mm. miniature Leica in 1924 and the Rolleiflex in 1928. Many of the world's best cameras have been influenced by these two milestone products. And once the amateur photographer enters their regressing world of f-stops, light meters, wide-angle and telephoto lenses, he is almost a sure candidate to join that throng, 2½ million strong, who have climbed to the near-professional plateau.

The Rolleiflex and the more precise of its numerous offspring offer the amateur serious picture-taking, rang-

ing from the purely artistic to photojournalism. One big reason for this was the big reason for the Rolleiflex's success—the ease of viewing and composing pictures in its ground-glass viewer. The twin-lens reflex camera is actually two cameras, with two lenses of the same focal length. One is for viewing, the other for taking the picture (see diagram). The beauty of this is that what you see on the ground glass is what you get, and focusing and composing in the 2½-by-2½-inch square are simplicity itself. The negatives which these cameras produce are large enough to make usable contact prints and to produce enlargements without the special fine-grain development recommended for smaller film sizes. This makes it particularly attractive for black-and-white album prints. The 120 film that is used by most cameras in this category (some use 127 film) is available everywhere. The 12 exposures that it takes are perfect for most amateurs who might find the 24 or 36 exposures used by 35-mm. cameras restrictive—if they don't take many pictures and like to change from color to black-and-white.

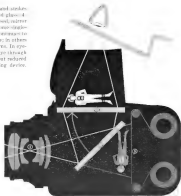
There are excellent color films available for the twin-lens reflex camera—Ektachrome, Ansachrome and Super Ansachrome, for example (Kodachrome, one of the best for slides, comes only in 35-mm. and bantam sizes). And while in the past pictures in these sizes have not been mounted as slides by the processor, now they can be ordered mounted for a small additional fee. And Eastman's color film, Kodasolor, which comes back from the processor in the form of negatives and prints, is available in 126 as well as 127, 620, 116, 416 and 35-mm. sizes. Since it is a negative color process, Kodasolor has many of the advantages of black-and-white and color film wrapped into one—it can deliver good black-and-white prints or color slides, as desired. Some twin-lens reflexes, however, also have 35-mm. adapter backs, with which the standard 2-by-2 color slides can be taken. The 2½-by-2½ slides can also be mounted by the photographer himself, and there are projectors designed for them.

The automatic twin-lens reflex

continued

SINGLE-LENS REFLEX, 120

Light from subject (1) passes through lens (2) and strikes 45-angled mirror (3), which projects it to ground glass (4) as in twin-lens reflex. When shutter release is pressed, mirror flips up out of scene and image hits film (5). In some single-lens reflexes, both 126 and 35 mm., the mirror continues to black out view until camera is set for next picture; in others it flips back instantaneously, and the image returns. In eye-level, 35-mm. reflexes, the camera sends image to eye through a five-way prism which projects it right side up but reduced in scale in a rectangular picture-shaped framing device.



camera also has the welcome feature of advancing the film while automatically counting the exposures and setting the shutter, all in one motion—a development that when added to the Rollei in 1937 won many professional devotees who had ignored the camera before.

The twin-lens reflex family, in this year of the bonanza, has attained such a size that the upward-striving amateur can find literally anything he wants, depending on the lenses he seeks and the money he has to spend. In the 1980 *Popular Photography Directory* there are 35 twin-lens reflex cameras listed, ranging in price from the Japanese-made Penta Reflex at \$34.95 to the Tele-Rolleiflex with a f/4 lens at \$399.50. The directory's camera-comparison chart dramatically illustrates the range of choice. All but four of the cameras have 3.5 lenses, and of the others three are 2.8 and one f/4. Shutter speeds of 1/800 second are found on most of them, even on cameras priced as low as Sears's Tower 44, which is \$34.50. All are flash-synchronized. Automatic film advance is now found on 22 cameras, and automatic shutter

setting on 16. Twenty-one have double-exposure prevention and seven have built-in light meters, including one priced as low as \$60—the Yashica LM. Whichever make or model he chooses, the amateur who buys a good twin-lens reflex camera will have stepped a long way up.

The 35-mm. camera is so popular that there are more than 160 different models available today. Paradoxically, when the first of them, the Model A Leica, was introduced at the Leipzig Fair, it was regarded as an expensive gadget. The "gadget," however, proceeded to revolutionize picture-taking, and the 35-mm. camera, with 8 million in use, is now the uncontested king of the advanced-camera field.

Why is the 35-mm. camera so popular? It is so compact and lightweight that you can climb a tree with it, ski with it, hunt with it. It has the fastest lenses of any still camera. Even models under \$100 have optics rated at f 1.3, f 2 and f 2.8; and lenses rated at f 1.4 or f 1.5 are found on more expensive models. The reason for these fast lenses is that it is physically and economically practical to manufacture the small lens that the short focal length (the length from

lens to film) permits. And the lens of a camera, a precision, hand-manufactured product, generally more than any other factor determines its price.

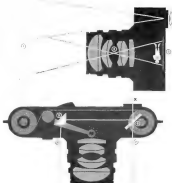
The fast lenses available in 35-mm. cameras have led to the popularity of available-light photography—enlarging the whole school of candid photography. The present high-speed black-and-white films when used with these fast lenses can catch a child by the light of a Christmas tree or the candles on a birthday cake at speeds fast enough for even a non-professional to dispense with a tripod, holding the camera in his hand. And many even faster films are being introduced. The speed of color films has been increased, bringing a whole new range of color photography within reach of the miniature camera user. Two, the new High Speed Ektachrome and Super Arosachrome, are fast enough to allow for shooting under conditions heretofore limited to fast black-and-white films.

The 35-mm. camera is an ideal camera for making color slides. Color is returned from the processor already mounted, and the whole still-projector industry has profited by it.

High on the list of the 35-mm. cam-

35-MM. CAMERA

Great advantages of the 35-mm. camera: lens-level operation, which permits fast shooting; and ability to accurately fast-shooting in most popular models, built-in range finder. In side view (upper right) light from subject (1) passes through lens (2) to film (3) which shutter is tripped. In top view, light enters window (4), is bent by prism (5) to hit semi-transparent mirror (6), and is projected to photographer's eye (7) at combined viewing and range-finding window. At the same time, light also enters second window (7) and passes through mirror (6) and to eye (8) at viewer. Thus, before focusing, eye sees double image, or split image. As photographer turns focusing mechanism, prism (5) moves with it, adjusting double or split image. When images are joined or superimposed, camera is in focus. Parallax error of less than 1% but, in some models, is automatically compensated for internally.



era's advantages to the amateur photographer is the fact that he can change the lenses—to telephoto for bringing the picture up close to wide angle for taking in broader scenes than with standard 50-mm. lenses. Once a feature found only on the most expensive cameras, interchangeable lenses is now possible with 35-mm. cameras that range in price from the Argus Standard C3 at \$55.95 through a whole series of fine cameras on both sides of the \$100 mark up to the Leica M3 at \$395. And amateurs have discovered that with a telephoto lens they can isolate the runner from the pack on the field or, with a wide-angle lens, take in the entire field of action, goal to goal, from the top seats in the stands. In fine, a range of lenses gives the photographer many more ways to take a better picture from the same spot.

Thirty-five-millimeter cameras are divided into three types, according to the kind of viewfinder they have. There are those with no range finders, focused by setting the estimated distance on a scale. Next come cameras with range finders *and* diopters, which are focused by adjusting the range finder until two images are superimposed or two halves of an image lined up. The third category is the single-lens reflex, which, like the twin-lens reflex camera, permit composing and focusing the scene either on a ground glass or through a prism which shows what the camera sees.

The range-finder method of viewing has long been the most common found on the precision 35-mm. camera. It takes practice to use it to best advantage, but it gives a brilliant image and is the favorite of many professional photographers.

The 35-mm. reflex camera viewer, particularly the prismatic type, is the new sensation of the photographic world, for it makes eye-level composing and focusing as simple and as easy as twin-lens reflex viewing. There is one disadvantage to single-lens reflex cameras—the photographer actually views the picture through the picture-taking lens. The mirror that throws the image upward from lens to viewer has to get out of the way when the picture is taken. The viewer thus goes blank when the picture is taken; the photographer sees only what he was going to take. But in the latest refinement of the new 35-mm. single lenses the mirror returns instantly, and the image is only blacked

ELECTRIC EYE

Systems vary from camera to camera. In some, the electric eye adjusts shutter speed; in another, it operates a simple, geared mechanism. Shown here, highly complicated, is one basic system, embodying the most common principles. Light strikes photocell (1), which generates a small current. This passes through a thermistor (2), which compensates for temperature so that camera will work as well in cold as in warm weather. The current, its strength determined by strength of light, rotates gear (3). Gear turns electronic disks (4), which have overlapping openings. As the disks move, they create a larger or a smaller aperture for the camera, depending on the amount of light that has activated cell.

Diagram by Jerome Koff.



out momentarily. With these new cameras comes another major development—the automatic diaphragm.

Cameras in this range are not the least expensive of 35-mm. They range from the Heiland Pentax at \$179.50 to the brand-new Japanese-made Nikon F at \$429.50. But they are among the most talked-about new products on the photo scene.

The single-lens reflex, 35-mm. camera, has prompted the most advanced accessory of the year—the zoom lens for still cameras. Like the lens on TV and on movie cameras whose dramatic zoom from home plate to the distant outfield gave it its name, the zoom lens permits quick changes from 36-mm. wide angle through normal to 82-mm. telephoto. The Voigtlander-Zoomar is the first of these carpool lenses. It costs \$298 and works on all 35-mm. single-lens reflex cameras that have focal plane shutters. It takes the place of at least two extra lenses in a photographer's kit. You view through the lens itself at whatever distance it is set, just as in all single-lens reflex viewing. And Nikon has announced, for early 1960, a telephoto zoom lens that will take up where the Voigtlander-Zoomar leaves off, going from 85 mm. to 250 mm. It will cost \$245.

Single-lens reflex viewing is not confined to 35-mm. cameras. As a matter of fact, some of the best of

the single-lens reflex cameras are in the 120-film group, and their popularity has done much to boost the rapid growth of this type of viewing system. The Swedish Hasselblad is perhaps the best known, and its advertising slogan, "Carry a Hasselblad instead of a studio," aptly sums up the versatility of the camera, which not only has interchangeable lenses but interchangeable film magazines that allow the photographer to change from color to black-and-white film in mid-roll and back again. The Hasselblad 500C and its new competitor, the Japanese Bronica, both cost \$489.50 with f 2.8 lenses. The Hasselblad focusing mirror blocks out the view once the picture is taken, but the Bronica has a new, instant-return mirror that flips down and returns.

These, then, are the major tools of the photographer's game. But as this burgeoning hobby has developed there have also developed as many special films as there are pictures to take.

One of the most popular novelties is the subminiature—the cigarette-lighter-size camera. The Minox, best known of these, was also the first of the present crop. It was developed in 1927 by a Latvian named Walter Zapp and was used extensively by undercover agents on both

Continued

sides during World War II. After the war it caught the public fancy as a gadget "for the man who has everything."

Despite their toylike size, however, the best subminiatures are workmanlike little cameras. There are now 13 makes on the market, ranging from a group at \$9.95 through an Italian-made Gabb 16 at \$297.50, which is larger than the Minox. It uses 16-mm. film and has a coupled range view finder and a coupled, built-in light meter. For the more expensive of these cameras there is an array of Lilliputian accessories: the Minox, for example, is not only synchronized for flash, with shutter speeds from 1/2 to 1/1000 second, but it also has built-in orange and green filters. There is a collapsible tripod the size of a pencil, a right-angle finder mirror that allows its user to shoot around corners (particularly apt for the jet-black Minox, called the Private Eye) and a very compact electronic flash unit, which weighs 2½ ounces, as well as a B-C flash attachment.

Film for the subminiatures comes in a variety of lengths, from eight to 50 exposures per roll. Color transparencies can be projected with especially designed projectors or mounted for use in 35-mm. projectors. And the tiny negatives can be blown up to album-size prints. Grain is still a problem, but film manufacturers are working hard to produce a fine-grain film for them.

Then there is stereophotography, older than grandfather and still popular—250,000 stereo cameras are currently in use. Stereo has two lenses, which take two pictures of the same scene simultaneously to produce color transparencies, which can be mounted as slides and, when viewed through a stereo viewer, give realistic three-dimensional images. Among the best-sellers in the field are the Revue 35 (\$174.50) and the Stereo Realist 1041 (\$349.50). The color slides cost about 50¢ more than single-picture slides. Projectors, designed to throw a 3-D picture on a screen, cost \$49.95 to \$645 but do not as yet give an entirely satisfactory three-dimensional projection. The difficulty of projection is a main factor in keeping stereophotography in the novelty class.

When the Polaroid Land camera was introduced in 1948, drinkers scoffed at the prospects of a picture-

in-a-minute camera. Today any one of them will eat his words. There are 2 million Polaroid cameras now in use, and their sales last year—an estimated 500,000—were more than all German and Japanese medium- to top-quality imports combined. The tremendous public acceptance of the Polaroid Land principle of seeing the picture you just took—it is developed and printed simultaneously in the back of the camera in one minute—has given a tremendous boost to the trend toward automation in still cameras. It has proven that, for the general public, the fun of photography is in seeing the picture, not in taking it. Indeed, the new owner of a Polaroid finds that he possesses a sure-fire inspiration for a lively parlor game of competitive picture taking if he has a "wink light" attachment—Polaroid's fill-in light. Polaroid has also led the field in simplifying shutter-speed- and lens-opening settings into one figure: all you do is point the meter, read a figure and set it on the camera. New improvements have appeared almost every year since the camera was introduced: lighter cameras, faster shutters, coupled range finders, flash, projectable black-and-white film and faster films. Films for the Polaroid at 200 to 400 ASA have been as fast as any on the commercial market, but this fall Polaroid has introduced one with a speed of 3,200, together with a new electric-eye shutter device that can be clamped on the front of some Polaroid cameras. And even greater days are coming: a color film is being developed now which, when perfected, should raise the Polaroid Land camera to new heights of popularity with snapshot-takers everywhere.

And what else is in the gadget bag of the future? For one important thing, new improvements in lighting. Flash has already been simplified from a painful, blinding, finger-burning, sometimes explosive method of auxiliary light to a safe, sure, inexpensive process, available to every camera user. Stroboscopic flash, the superlat electronic device used until recently almost entirely by professionals, is becoming more and more the amateur's light source as its once carburetors units grow lighter and more compact. The smallest strobe unit of all, the Braun Hobby F60 Pocket-Pak, was released in October. It is fully transistorized, and the thin 20-ounce power pack will slip into a man's inner jacket pocket. The flash

head, which clips on a camera, is no larger than an exposure meter, yet it puts out as much light as units far larger. It costs \$74.50.

Another change is due in exposure meters. Says *Modern Photography*, "Film speeds are now approaching the level where photography is possible under such dimly illuminated conditions that exposure meters cannot respond." The selenium cell, which has been used to measure light on meters since 1912, seems to be approaching its maximum range. And with film speeding up faster than meters, all of the manufacturers are searching for new, economical ways to measure the very dim light these films will still react to.

Accessories of all kinds are becoming more versatile, less expensive, more automatic. There are underwater still cameras that cost as little as \$19.95 (the Mako Shark); projectors for color slides, such as the Audio-scope (\$99.50), which include four-speed record players for appropriate background music; others, such as the Balamatic-500 (\$149.50), which can change slides by automatic time cycle or by remote control; and home movies, a field as astonishing as the still-camera field, with turret lenses, zoom lenses, electric eyes, electric drive, that let the amateur movie maker achieve almost Hollywood-like results.

AL. It is quite a step from Kodak No. 1, which didn't even have a viewer. But the same principle of "you press the button, we do the rest" is still at work at the pinnacle which the upward-climbing amateur will be able to reach with this piece of equipment: take a Nikon F, with its fast 1 3/8 lens and its single-lens reflex, instant-return mirror viewing; power it with a Nikon electric-motor-drive back (\$219.50), which automatically advances the film and fires the shutter and allows for single exposures or rapid-fire bursts of two or more through a 36-exposure roll at the rate of three per second; top it off with a Nikkor zoom lens, which goes from 85 mm. to 200 mm., and a slip-on exposure meter which couples to the shutter speed and the diaphragm (\$34.50)—and you have \$1,178 worth of nearly automatic camera. This may seem a long way up from a \$3.95 box, but the fact is that with either one you can have fun and take the kind of pictures you want the way you want to take them. **END**



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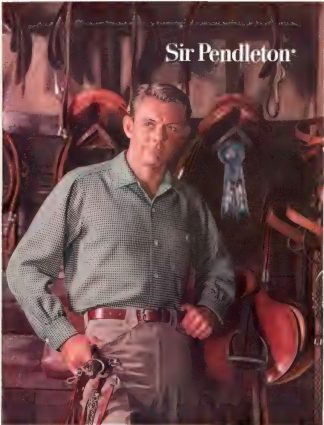
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Amateurs' day at Daytona

Look for burning rivalries and new national champions in the year's last big meet

MOST MEN over 40 do their competitive driving from the golf tee; they are perfectly willing to leave the dangerous, exhausting sport of automobile racing to the adventurous young. Two men who accept no such limitation are Walt Hansen of New Jersey and George Constantine of Massachusetts, and they will be the particular stars, if form holds true, of this Sunday's Sports Car Club of America national race meeting at the Daytona Beach International Speedway on Nov. 1.

Hansen, who has just turned 40, and Constantine, a year older, will duel in the 40-lap featured race for the right to claim the most coveted of all the trophies for American amateur drivers—the one for the champion in the class (C modified) that brings together the most powerful racing sports cars in the country.

Advancing years have by no means mellowed the driving habits of either Hansen or Constantine. Both want to win just about as badly as Ted Williams wants to hit the next pitch over the fence. Since they are tied in the championship series with exactly 60 points apiece and since this is the last race of the season toward the title, they will be expected to outdo themselves at Daytona. Hansen was busy this week getting acquainted with the new Daytona course, opened last February, on which he has never raced before. Constantine has logged only one racing lap on it.

It is a course far different from the typical American road circuit. Where the latter's twists reward nimble cornering and urgent acceleration, Daytona invites all-out, foot-to-the-floor speed. The main part of the speedway—the triangular, 2.5-mile, high-banked track—was built with professional stock car racing in mind. Barring accidents, that section will

probably be decisive in the big race. The flat infield road leg—over which the cars race after each lap on the track—accounts for only a third of the total 2.81-mile lap distance.

Hansen, who sells Jaguar cars when he isn't racing, will be driving his customary blue-and-white Lister-Jaguar. It is owned by the Connecticut sportsman Briggs Cunningham



LISTER-JAGUAR driver Walt Hansen seeks third national class title in race.

and kept in top form by a blue-covered crew whose chief is Alfred Momo, an Italian-born mechanical wizard.

Constantine, director of the Massachusetts Muscular Dystrophy Association, will as usual be aboard a forest-green Aston Martin owned by the Syosset, N.Y., businessman Elsha Walker Jr. Walker has oil and natural gas interests in Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma. He also has a sportsman's interest in the racing enterprise with the griddled, portly Constantine. In the costly game of maintaining and racing a first-rate sports car, Walker has proved to be a godsend for Constantine (and, similarly, Cunningham for Hansen); at one time Constantine raced himself almost into red ink with a much-loved D Jaguar. The Aston Martin people think so much of the team

that they have put themselves on call for replacement parts. The car is cared for with all the fussiness of a nanny by Rex Woodgate, an English mechanic who sports a flamboyant rust-red walrus mustache.

Apart from the Hansen-Constantine struggle, the spectators will be diverted by two other races and class races, all within the big one, that should include some spirited dueling. One of the closest and most astonishing rivalries of the season is that between two teammates driving under the colors of Walter Dikenson of Washington. Competing in Elva, Frank Baptista and Arthur Tweedale have had a roaring good time all year. At Marlboro, on the Western Shore of Maryland, Baptista was black-flagged into the pits for bumping into Tweedale. Pass with split



ASTON MARTIN pilot George Constantine has scored most of his victories at Lime Rock.

vision will do well to keep an eye on this merry pair in the 40-lapper while also following the progress of Hansen and Constantine, who are after their own prize in the same race.

The day's first event will cover 20 laps and include cars of F, G, H and I production and H modified classes. The second race is at 30 laps and includes classes B, C, D and E production cars, while the final, featured race will lump together classes B, C, D, E, F and G modified cars.

Hansen understandably feels that the going will be tricky on the new, unfamiliar course. Speeds over 160 mph, which are likely in the race, are taxing enough for a man 45 years younger. But order no pipe, slippers and fireside, please, for Hansen or Constantine. There will be a barrel of speed in that antique pair come Sunday at Daytona.

END



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

He aced his partner's trump

IN most of the world it is usual to fasten a rope at the top and climb down. In India, however, a few gifted mystics are said to be able to toss a rope into the air and climb up. So it is appropriate, perhaps, that the bridge magic I am about to report should have occurred at an Indian bridge table.

Elsewhere in the bridge world, talk runs to hands on which a player trumps his partner's ace. But the *Indian Bridge World* magazine recently reported this deal in which a player aces his partner's trump!

Our hero was Shri D. V. Gore, a member of Bombay's team in championship matches played last year in Calcutta. The similarity in our names is such that I am tempted to claim at least a cousinship to the author of this play, but I must confess I have been unable to trace any branch of my family to the regions of India.

*Reflexes valuable
South dealer*



Opening leads: Ace of clubs

North's two no-trump response rates an award for bravery, though hardly for accuracy. However, a more sensible response of one no trump would not have affected the final contract. South would probably jump rebid to three hearts, and of course his partner would raise to four. But even if South were to rebid only two hearts,

North would find a raise, and South would then go on to game. So the four-heart contract was entirely normal.

Fortunately for the defenders—and for this story—West hit upon the essential opening lead of the club ace. Then he made the equally essential shift to a trump, in hopes of preventing declarer from ruffing a spade loser.

Dummy's 9 of hearts took the trick. Declarer saw three discards readily available—two on dummy's good clubs and one on the ace of diamonds. But three discards were as good as none at all, for this would still leave South with three losers in spades unless East held both the ace and king or unless he could trump one round of the suit in dummy. So declarer led dummy's 6 of spades.

East, Shri Gore, played low and North's 6 was allowed to ride around to West's 10. Continuing his plan of trying to kill the threat that dummy would ruff a spade, West returned another heart—and it was this trump which his partner aces!

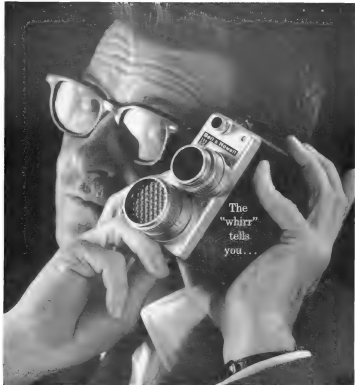
He didn't come up with the play in a hurry. Indeed, it needed a long, long huddle to muster up the nerve to make such an unusual discard. But East finally decided it was hopeless to set the contract if he kept the ace of spades, so he threw it away!

As a result, when declarer led another spade toward his hand West was able to win the trick and return the third heart which swept the dummy bare of trumps. Winning is dummy and getting rid of three spades on the available discards didn't do declarer a bit of good. He still had to surrender a spade trick, and that was the trick that set the contract.

Observe what happens if East keeps the ace of spades. He is forced to win the second spade lead and can neither lead a trump nor put his partner in to do so. South can trump any return, ruff a third spade with dummy's last heart and, after ruffing himself back in to draw the last adverse trump, the rest of South's spades would be high. The defenders would win only three tricks.

EXTRA THINK:

It isn't always easy to recognize the situation—and then it takes a great deal of courage to make the sacrifice—but if winning a trick in your hand is sure to give the declarer his contract, get rid of the card that will ruin you. Trust that partner will be able to win the trick and make more effective use of the opportunity to make the next lead. **END**



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GEORGE GORDON, Wrentham, Mass., R.I.

Tip from the Top

A remedy for shanking

THE SHANK, I would reckon, is the worst of all golfing ailments. There are explicit causes that bring on shanking, but it is best not to describe them since it would only make players more conscious of things they are better off to have no mind of. One can be explicit, however, about the remedy for the shank. For quite a few decades now, golfers of all ages and various degrees of skill have come to me when suffering with this malady and, I am pleased to say, have benefited almost on the spot from my prescription.

The first step in curing a shank is for the golfer to swing the club in an upright arc, keeping his hands exactly on the line of flight. At the end of the backswing, which should be very short, the butt of the shaft should be pointing directly toward the ground. At the end of the follow-through, necessarily short too, the same is also true: the butt of the shaft should point directly toward the ground. This corrective swing, as I have said, is a short one, the hands going no higher than the hips on the backswing or on the follow-through. There is a minimum of pivot, and the weight remains mostly on the left foot.

These steps provide you with a firm track to run on, but there's one point that must be stressed. On all short shots to the green—which is where shanking most often occurs—the ball must not be swayed with locked wrists. Hit the ball with a natural breaking of the wrists.



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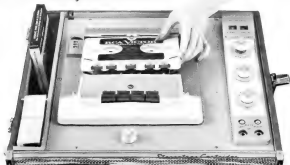
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LITTLE HURON

04/04/2014 10:00:00

points, or its own, in this game, far more than any other team, is the nation, and with traditional elite Northern State Teachers still to play, footballers may learn that they, too, are a record. In fact, Harn thinks it already has a record, but where small-college football statistics are concerned, it is sometimes rather difficult to nail down the figures.

That's all true, but football fans who focus their attention on Saturday afternoon on Syracuse and Southern Cal. or Northwestern and Young and LSU, small-college football is a world apart. Yet there are far more small colleges in the U.S. than big colleges and hundreds of them play football every weekend in the fall, some playing more football indeed.

● 本书可作为高等院校、职业院校、培训机构、企业员工的培训教材，也可供从事相关工作的工程技术人员参考。

In this number there are four wrestling schools, which are smaller only in an intercollegiate atmosphere. Cal Poly, with its enrollment of 7,000; Mississippi State, with 3,822 enrollees; Texas Tech., with 3,697 students; and Montana State, with 3,000. Then there are institutions with small enrollments, such as Utah at 1,000 or 1,200 students, the Lone Star College in North Carolina, Arizona and Bowling Green in Florida, Iowa Hope and Hillsdale in Michigan, Adams State in Colorado, Whitman in California, Walla Walla in Oregon. They play good football, too.

And finally, there are the small, small colleges: Keanpa in Kansas, Freedtown in South Carolina, Seawance of Tennessee—and Huron. Governed in most cases by the NACAA (National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics) rather than by the NCAA (National Collegiate Athletic Association), even their rules are different. They still have untethered substitution, for example, to which the big schools are slowly returning. Freshmen are eligible for varsity competition. They have never adopted the two-point conversion rule because many of them can't afford to pull down and put up two goal posts every few years. But the game is the game; that isn't hogswatch. Huron has been playing it that way.

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LITTLE HURON

South Dakota, a statistic which fast became one of its most famous. It has one reminder that there are fewer than 700,000 people in all of South Dakota. Only 16,000 of these live in Huron, and of these only 700 attend Huron College, which makes Huron not merely a small small college but almost a village.

There is no great campus, only a small part of land bounded near the center of the town, district of Huron, which an energetic hiker can cross in a couple of minutes. No ivy-draped towers grace the land, only three small buildings, buildings and one small building. The football stadium staff does not have to be maintained before practice each day; there are only two members, and by now they know each other pretty well. No vast, grand stadium runs along the side of the school; there is a small one, but this belongs to the local high school. It is 10 blocks away and seats 1,500. The town does not travel by jet, in fact, none of the players has ever been on a jet and some have never been on any kind of an airplane. They travel by bus, chartered buses, the Jackrabbit lines. There are no shining rows of white cabinets or whirling dithering machines in the trainer's room. There isn't even a trainer. But Huron College plays good football.

The line averages 200 pounds and is rangy and quick. They gang-tackle viciously, their blocking opens gaping holes and there always seems to be a cluster of them downfield whenever a Huron ball carrier breaks loose. And in the backfield there are a couple of honor students at quarterback, two big, tough linemen. Bob and Dick Lapour—one a senior, the other a freshman—at fullback and a 205-pound right halfback, Ken Heke, who ran more.

But the pride of Huron College is a slender, soft-spoken boy from the little town of Hayti, who wears glasses, weighs only 175 pounds and looks more like the meekest of men than a Little All-America halfback. His name is Garret Healey, and he is leading the nation in scoring with 141 points. The two touchdowns he scored against General Beadle on Saturday gave him a four-year career total of 394 points. This broke the national record of 384 set by Lincoln (Mo.) University's Leo Lewis two years ago.

Healey doesn't say much about his career. He was all-American basketball and was first-team player—100, 220, high and low hurdles, broad jump—in the South Dakota Intercollegiate Conference track meet last spring. He ran a 5.7 heat in the nationals but failed to make the finals. Football, however, is his sport. His speed, power, remarkable quickness, good hands and a good, strong ability at 5 feet 11 inches, he was an all-state basketball player.



PRETTY GOOD MAN RHYTHM SECTION

high school) make him a great runner and a truly outstanding pass receiver. At Huron, however, they will tell you he is even better as a defender.

He scored 92 points as a freshman, 95 as a sophomore (including five touchdowns in six carries against Dakota Wesleyan) and 60 last year when he was unable to play on offense in five games because of a hair-line fracture of the ankle. Yet never has Huron fed Healey the ball with the idea that he might 40 yards. He has earned only 10 times the season, and on his biggest day of the year, when he scored five touchdowns against Sioux Falls, he ran only once, times from scrimmage.

Good football teams seldom just happen, and Huron's 1957 was a South Dakota Intercollegiate Conference Championship since 1931. Then in 1954 Jim Long and Gil Peterson took over. Long, a quiet, intense, good-looking man, of 32, graduated

A BRIEF GUIDE TO WINE

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with "the look of success"

from South Dakota State in 1951 and after two years of high school coaching became an assistant—or rather, the assistant—coach. The next year he was made head football coach.

Peterson isn't even on the faculty. A mountain of a man who played tackle for Omaha University and later had a good shot at a job with the San Francisco 49ers until an ankle injury stopped him, he was working around Huron as a salesman and inspector of grain elevators for an agricultural insurance company, when Long appealed to him for help. So now Peterson looks down two jobs: "Full-time assistant coach with half time pay," Long says, and still spends his time away from the practice field chomping up and down grain elevators. "There's a good view from up there," he says, "and it's not a bad spot to look around for football players." Don Bartlett, who earlier looked ball, helps with the football scouting. And that is the coaching staff at Huron College.

ALL WORK AND NO PAY

Huron gives no full athletic scholarships. For some students it does pay the tuition of \$400 a year, but it takes an exceptional boy to qualify for one of those. "They just about have to be able to help us in all three sports: football, basketball and baseball," says Long. Most football players are on partial scholarships, some get by without any. There is no free room and board, and laundry money is out of the question. But Long and Peterson find for their athletes jobs among the merchants, dentists or around the school, and the people at Huron have discovered that these tough, friendly kids from the farms of the tough, friendly pioneer country are among the best baby-sitters in the world.

At first the coaches went out into the towns and down into Nebraska, extolling the virtues of a Huron education. They showed the boys the town's big, beautiful, new basketball arena, which seats 7,000 and is the largest in South Dakota. They also showed them the new girls' dormitory, and explained that the boys, too, would have one in a few more years (construction begins in 1980) and that a new library would follow soon after. They told how the little Presbyterian college had grown from four

students in 1882, when it was located on Rattlesnake Hill, a bluff overlooking the Missouri River, to 140 students in 1951, to 395 now, and of its eventual goal of 800. And pretty soon the athletes began to show up.

After that the job was easier. Long is a good coach and so is Peterson, and you have only to watch their teams in action to tell. When they came to Huron, every team in the conference was running from the split T. So Long put in an unbalanced line and began to use flanks and the slot offense. He now has added other variations, including a pro-type attack where sometimes both two backs drop, a flanker and Hasky running from a split end.

They impressed their bees, over and over again, with the necessity of winning, to be better than anyone else. They dressed them all in blue flannels and gray flannel slacks for trips and built up their pride. And then the seasons began to come and football became a tradition at Huron. "Now," says Long, "most of these kids want to leave here knowing that he is the one who let down. The spirit is wonderful."

Coaches and players are close. They see each other constantly during the day, talk over mutual problems and the boys always find they can count on Long and Peterson and Bartlett for help, whether it involves classwork, family, girl friends or money. And the student body and players are close, too, for here the athlete is not just a representative of the school, he is the school. Of 238 male students, a third try out for varsity teams; almost a fifth of them play on the football team alone. At pep rallies there is a spirit unknown to big universities. The hand-and-the-eye lunch of squares out there, they can really blow—leads the way, a bevy of cute cheerleaders dances around the gym and everyone yells, including the faculty. You can't help but yell if you are there. It is a spirit of togetherness that would seem alight on the army side if it were not so sincere—and so very effective.

It is not very likely that Huron College would overpower Northwesters, and it might have some serious trouble with Mississippi Southern, too. But in its own class, tiny Huron College of South Dakota has risen above the park. It needs it: the field and it has fun, and this is really what college football is all about.

END



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SLAUGHTER AND

by PETER MATTHIESSEN

Speed across these pages to a graphic display in the balance sheet of conservation in America. The animals which are here interpreted in picture form are among the most vital in our history (see opposite page). They reflect tragedy and hope in the long and often dishonouring battle to preserve American wildlife against the encroachments of civilization—the tragedy of loss, the hope that the loss may yet in part be redeemed. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** recently began a continuing survey of conservation, past, present and future—the bloody story of early headless mannequins, the first awareness of the urgent need for conservation measures, the fumbling growth of this awareness into legislation and a crisis, a summary of what has been done and what must still be done. In our first article, Peter Matthiessen, author of the new work *Wildlife in America*, tells the history of conservation in the U.S. and elegantly pleads its case.

IN 1843, eight years before his death, John James Audubon made a journey up the Missouri River from St. Louis to Fort Union, on the present-day North Dakota-Montana border, in order to see, collect and portray western animals for his volume on quadrupeds. For the most part, his journey records abundance, and his observations for August 17 included bands of antelope, bighorn sheep, deer, wolf, swans and elk, as well as bear tracks. On another typical day, he reports: "Wolves howling, and bulls roaring, just like the long-continued roll of a hundred drums. Saw large gangs of buffaloes walking along the river.... Fresh signs of Indians, burning wood embers, etc. . . ."

© 1979 by Peter Matthiessen



THE BALANCE SHEET

SALVATION

Francis Parkman, who journeyed west in 1846, was also mightily impressed by the great frontier with its wildlife, and with the Indian tribes which were his passionate interest. In one of his vivid accounts he relates a scene in which "curlew dew screaming over our heads, and a host of little grairie-dogs sat yelping at us at the mouths of their burrows on the dry plain beyond. Suddenly an antelope leaped up from the wild-sage bushes, gazed eagerly at us, and then, erecting his white tail, stretched away like a greyhound. The two Indian boys found a white wail, as large as a calf, in a hollow, and, giving a sharp yell, they galloped after him; but the wolf leaped into the stream and swam across. . . . A herd of some 200 elk came out upon

down a hill

Seventy bloody years, from 1840 to 1910, shaped the final destiny of American wildlife. In that brief period of westward expansion, the continent and its wild inhabitants were changed forever. Here the large figures show the animal population at its 1840 level; the small inset figures show what was left of them. The bison, numbered in tens of millions, shrank to a bare 2,000. The elk were reduced from about 10 million to less than a tenth that number. Bighorn sheep in 1840 counted between 1½ and 2 million; about 30,000 survived. The pronghorn antelope almost disappeared (from 34 million or 40 million to 25,000); today it is on the road back. Of the grizzly bear, no good estimates existed in the early 19th century, though it was not rare to see 30 or 40 in a day; by 1910 the total grizzly population had diminished to about 2,000. The mountain goat survived by virtue of its inaccessible terrain. Surprisingly, coyotes showed no decline, though wolves were reduced from perhaps 2 million to 2,000 or 3,000. Red fox, mink and otter still existed in almost the same numbers, but the beaver by 1910 was almost extinct; screwing saved it. Today, a century after the massacre, the picture is at last beginning to be encouraging; but much remains to be done.

the muskox, their antlers clattering as they walked forward in a dense throng. . . ."

But the frontier, as the white man knew it, was short-lived. And Parkman, who recorded it so well, lived on to see it fade before the rising tide of the nation's westward expansion.

At first the white men came in trickle, but the flow rapidly increased. The smaller animals, especially the antelope, were taken whenever possible, as a supplement to the prairie diet of buffalo meat, and the slaughter increased as the buffalo declined. Where, as once the antelope was said to be as numerous as the plain bison, roaming from Alberta south to the plateaus of northern Mexico and west as far as the Pacific slope, by 1910 its herds were small and scattered, and only emergency protection spared it from complete extinction. The pronghorns have since recovered, and are even to be found in fairly large numbers in Wyoming and Montana, but those inhabiting the black sage steppes and tablelands of the northern Great Basin area have declined again quite seriously in recent years.

The American elk, too, were nearly wiped out, and although they are no longer endangered, it is disheartening to reflect that they were once one of the most widespread of all American hoofed animals, ranging from the Southwest into Canada, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Their decline was made no less shameful by the fact that in their darkest days, early in this century, they were killed commonly for their "tusks" alone. An elk's tooth was considered lucky, even by the Indians, who once presented Audubon with an antelope robe decorated with 56 of them. In the winter of 1915 some 880 elk were poached in the Yellowstone area alone, to supply teeth to joiners of the benevolent order named in honor of this animal.

Today except for a few isolated and restocked herds, the elk (or wapiti) of North America are largely confined to the Rocky Mountain region from Wyoming to British Columbia; the greatest single herd inhabits the Jackson Hole-Yellowstone region of northwest Wyoming. A lesser herd—the mighty Olympic or Roosevelt race—has been able to maintain itself on the Olympic Peninsula of northwest Washington.

Like the elk and the antelope, the

great herds of the woodland caribou which moved north and south on their seasonal migrations were once almost as striking as those of the bison, and, like the bison, these animals were crucial to the survival of the Indians within their range. In the U.S. the former ranged the woodland caribou included all the Canadian border states from Maine to Washington. It was extirpated early, however, and was last seen in New Hampshire in 1885, and in Maine just after the turn of the century. In recent decades a small, wild herd was exterminated in Washington, and the last woodland caribou in the country persisted a few years longer in a marshy region near Red Lake, Minn. Though still quite common in Alberta, with small populations in Labrador, Newfoundland and the Gaspé Peninsula of Quebec, the woodland caribou is today embattled throughout its range.

THE highborn sheep also was among the western animals destined to fade away before the face of man, and a century of expansion devoured it. Lewis and Clark had found sheep abundant on the upper reaches of the Columbia, and they were commonly taken by the emigrants who came after. Very good to eat, the highborn was a logical source of meat in the hill country. As time went on and their numbers declined, they could not withstand the competition of the

domestic sheep imported to their terraces, and suffered seriously from scab and other diseases contracted from these stupid, stunted cousins. In the present century, the highborn, bearing on its head a pair of magnificent curled horns, has been beleaguered constantly by big-game hunters. No longer a legitimate game animal in most of its shrunken range, it is still poached frequently by sheepherders, prospectors, and others, even within the confines of the vast, desolate refuges established in southwestern mountains for its protection. Several varieties are now extinct, among them the badlands highborn and the canyons highborn, a race native to the lava-bed country of the northern Great Basin. The Sierra Nevada race is also near extinction, as is the Texas highborn, among the southern species; only the northern Rocky Mountain sheep, ranging from Wyoming to Alberta and British Columbia is what the best French trappers called the Shining Mountains, is still in fair condition.

At one time or another, in fact, the white man has substantially diminished all the hoofed mammals of North America except the mountain goat of the Northwest—Montana, Idaho, and Washington north to southern Alaska—and the Dall sheep, a small, white relative of the highborn, which inhabits the northern areas of the same range as well as the mountains of the Alaskan interior; both animals have been generally spared to date by a wild and relatively inaccessible range and habitat.

Only one of the hoofed mammals has never been a game animal. The curious arctic musk ox inhabits the tundra north of the tree line from Greenland to Alaska, where, in 1938, it was reintroduced on Nunivik Island. The original Alaskan population, which became extinct near Wainwright about 1865, was one of the few North American forms for the destruction of which the natives are probably as responsible as the white man; the musk ox herd's defensive circle, bulwarked by sharp, down-swept horns and a shaggy blanket of hair extending to the ground, is effective against wolves, but invited mankind to pick off the stolid animals one by one, with rifle or even spear. In the first years of this century, an estimated 900 musk ox were killed for food by Admiral Peary's expeditions to the Arctic.

continued



ABOUT THIS ARTICLE

When Peter Matthiessen (above), author of *Wolf: Blood and Memory*, set out to do a comprehensive history of American wildlife, he did so with a novelist's as well as a historian's eye. The result was a book, of which this article is a part, unique in the literature of the subject. *Wildlife in America* (The Viking Press, \$10) tells the story of the white man's early depredations, and his later efforts to save our wilderness heritage, in eloquent terms.

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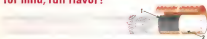
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alone. Aside from the Nunivak herd, which numbers about 125 (1967), there is another protected band on the Chukchi Game Sanctuary northeast of Great Slave Lake, in the Northwest Territories. The few thousand scattered elsewhere on the barren roasts and islands east to Greenland are legally protected, but their predators—bears, wolves and occasional Eskimos—pay small attention to their privileged status.

A North American relative of the musk ox is the bison, which, like the tule elk, is now extinct in the wild state. The early and accurate predictions of the bison's end are somewhat surprising in view of the fact that well into the 18th century an estimated 60 million still tramped the Great Plains. Certainly this was the western species, the simultaneous abundance and diminution of which was most striking and disturbing. A systematic slaughter had commenced by mid-century, and Parkman, who was fascinated by the huge, dark beasts—at certain seasons they quite literally turned the prairies to seas of black—well understood their role in the welfare of the Plains Indians. "The buffalo supplies them with the necessities of life; with habitations, food, clothing, beds and fuel; strings for their bows, glue, thread, cordage, trail ropes for their horses, coverings for their saddles, vessels to hold water, boats to cross streams, and the means of purchasing all that they want from the traders. When the buffalo are extinct, they too must dwindle away."

The Indians themselves, contrary to sentimental legend, had been heartfully wasteful of the bison. Nevertheless, the red men, addicted to intertribal warfare, remained few, and, even after they learned to tame wild mustangs, made no serious inroad on the bovine herds. The harsh conditions of the habitat, rather than the red hunters, kept the great animals from overgrazing and destroying the vast pasture of rich grass which rolled from Canada to Texas.

Or so it was until just after mid-century, when surveys for a Pacific railroad were undertaken by the War Department. It was the completion of this railroad, with the meeting of Central Pacific and Union Pacific lines at Promontory, Utah in 1869, that set in motion the final frenzied assault upon the bison, not only by

trappers, Indians and settlers but by professional meat hunters like Buffalo Bill Cody. The railroad provided transportation to the eastern markets, and it cut the great remaining herd in two. Other rail lines, following quickly, fanned out across the buffalo range like cracks in glass.

The southern herd was the first to go. Between 1872 and 1874, well over a million animals were shot yearly, and five years later a solitary survivor met its end at Buffalo Springs, Texas, on the cattle trail to Santa Fe. The northern herd was simultaneously reduced, but part of it frequented areas inaccessible to the markets before the extension westward of the Northern Pacific in 1886. Three years after that, a related company of Crows and whites trailed the remnants of the northern bison to the Cannonball River of North Dakota. There, by cutting off access to the water, the hunters accomplished the destruction of the entire herd. By the end of the year, stray animals excepted, the buffalo was gone from North America, and a measure was passed without dissent for their protection in North Dakota.

THese bison herds were certainly among the greatest animal congregations that ever existed on earth, and the greed and waste which accompanied their annihilation doubtless warrants some sort of superlative also. Most natural historians agree, however, their disappearance was inevitable. Once the settlers discovered the agricultural potential of the long-grass prairies, and the ranchers bred fat livestock on the short-grass plains farther west, the history of these humped, sullen beasts was over. Nevertheless, it is an inescapable fact that the white man, who had adopted all the Indians' worst practices and was given, in addition, to shooting the bison down senselessly from passing trains and other vantage points, had wiped out an animal that, until its very last decade, had numbered in the millions.

"No sight is more common on the plains than that of a bleached buffalo skull; and their countless numbers attest the abundance of the animal at a time not so very long past. On those portions where the herds made their last stand, the carcasses, dried in the clear, high air, or the mouldering skeletons abound. . . . A ranchman who made a journey of a thousand miles across northern Montana along the Milk River told me that, to use his

own expression, during the whole distance he was never out of sight of a dead buffalo, and never in sight of a live one."

So wrote Theodore Roosevelt who, still a young man, ranged in North Dakota in the three years immediately succeeding the slaughter in that state of the last great buffalo herd. The parched remnants were, for Roosevelt, a stark object lesson in the need for animal protection. An ardent amateur biologist and naturalist ever since his days at Harvard, Roosevelt set out with typical vigor to see that the pathetic survivors of the great herds—together with other dwindling resources of the once prodigal plain—received protection through a system of national parks.

Actually, the idea of the national park was given articulate expression as early as 1813. That year George Catlin recommended in print that a "nation's park" be created for future generations in the Indian country of the upper Missouri, but it was not until 1864 that the concept took practical form. Frederick Law Olmsted, who had laid out New York City's Central Park, took up the battle for the Yosemite, and in 1864 California received both the Valley and the Mariposa Grove by federal grant, in a bill signed by President Lincoln. Four years later John Muir, a Scotsman who had just completed a journey on foot of 1,600 miles from Louisville, Ky. to the Florida Gulf Coast, first appeared in the Yosemite. He was already an impassioned and persuasive champion of wilderness preservation, and the revision of these monumental valleys, catamounts, forests, and High Sierras to federal control is largely associated with his name. Of the forests in this area, Muir wrote, "It took more than 3,000 years to make some of the trees in these western woods—trees that are still standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and sighing in the mighty forests of the Sierra. Through all the wonderful, eventful centuries since Christ's time—and long before that—God had cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but he cannot save them from fools. . . ."

Yellowstone, established in 1872, was the first of the national parks, but no sooner had it been set aside than a small army of profiteers swarmed off the newly completed

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Northern Pacific Railroad and into the park to engage in development schemes so vulgar as to amount to vandalism.

Fortunately, Roosevelt and a growing number of allies were ready to step them. In 1885, with the editing of *Nature and Man*, George Bird Grinnell, Roosevelt organized the Boone and Crockett Club, for the promotion not only of gentlemanly sport, wilderness travel and exploration, but also observations on the natural histories of wild animals, and measures for the preservation of large game. The club included among its members Senator Henry Cabot

those of the newly established Yosemite and Sequoia parks in California from further exploitation.

With the Park Protection Act giving new impetus to the national parks movement, two translocated areas were set aside at Mount Ranier and Center Lake just after 1900. These poster parks have to be followed in the next half century by two chosen spots, one of the most recent of which is the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Park, established in a wild, grassy region of North Dakota Badlands in 1947.

Thus were the beginnings made; but conservation as a science, in the first quarter of the century, remained still tentative, undecided, more or



LAST OF THE DEFENSORS on the left in captivity. Here, in 1967, Dr. Markus Hienagao (left) supervises deparade of seven buff and eight cows from the Bronx Zoo to Wildlife Mountain Refuge, where they started a new wild herd.

Judge, Milton Boon, Judge, J. D. Clifton, General, William, Tecumseh Sherman and Philip Sheridan and the great Frances Parkman. Its ongoing membership undoubtedly lent weight to the club's arguments, and it brought pressure upon Congress to pass, in 1894, the so-called Park Protection Act. The latter, supported strongly by Roosevelt on the basis of his personal impressions of the Yellowstone region as well as on the fact that a last wild herd of bison occurred there, defended the landscape and animals of Yellowstone together with

restrictive legislation than on constructive action. Except for the conservation of wilderness areas and the establishment of wildlife refuges, increasingly important as criticism consumed the land, it was characterized by such expensive and ineffective programs as wilderness area proclamation, the introduction of exotic species, and the random transplanting of native animals.

The first two programs were generally discredited by 1930, but the widespread attempts to infect one part of this continent with creatures

which Nature, for her own excellent reasons, had developed in another, continued. The latter program was to achieve frangible proportions before biologists determined that the mortality rate of wild creatures transplanted without extensive prior study was almost as high as that of those raised in captivity and released.

The thimble model, transplanting based on careful study proved often desirable, especially where a suitable ecological niche exists but where the species in question is, for one reason or another, absent. The wild turkey, elk and many other forms have successfully stocked not only its part of their original range but in areas entirely new to them where conditions were decided in advance to be conducive.

UNSUCCESSFUL transplanting, however disheartening to hunters who have subsidized them, have contributed much to the understanding of the principle of range quality, or carrying capacity, which is now a basic premise of wildlife management. The actual numbers on a given range are precisely controlled by its quality, which in turn is determined by the available food, cover, water and other variable factors controlling both productivity and survival. But in the main, transplanting and artificial propagation, like the bounty system, have provided their most significant rewards not to the hunter but to the state officials, for whom they constitute a more spectacular evidence of zeal than the creation, restoration and protection of good habitat which would actually benefit the game. In some states, enlightened sportsmen's groups are coming to appreciate the importance of wildlife habitat, but the fact remains that over \$3 million are spent annually in this country for artificial propagation and transplanting, a very minor part of which goes to the occasional program in which these methods have been determined in advance to justify their cost.

Three million dollars, on the other hand, is only a quarter of the amount devoted each year to the rearing and transplanting, for the public diversion, of fish. Originally these hatchery fish were distributed almost at random, and were commonly cat, with the best of intent, upon waters not "fished out" at all but so polluted or silted that no sport fish worthy of

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WILDLIFE continued

the name could live there. The stocking later became more selective, but as in the case of the game animals, only specialized outfitting men and waters, or those empty of the same or competing species, or those where conditions have been manipulated in advance, would seem to justify the practice, unless the fish have been raised to legal size and are introduced yearly, not to propagate their kind, but to be removed aggressively and efficiently by the taxpayers.

Strains, which create stream bottoms with sterile lime and kills aquatic plants supplying both food and oxygen to certain species, may well be the most destructive single enemy of American fresh-water fishes. In western environments irrigation and dam construction, which drastically alter water levels and, at times of drought, produce dry river beds, have contributed their effects to those of salination, and the dams are particularly harmful when, as in the Pacific Northwest, they block the spawning runs of species such as salmon and steelhead trout.

Dams may serve as emergency controls of flood (though the real solution to flood lies farther upstream), and dams providing reservoirs and hydroelectric power are sometimes necessary. But too often expediency replaces responsibility in their purpose and location. The Echo Park Dam, under the Bureau of Reclamation, which would have impounded the wild rivers of the Dinosaur National Monument on the Utah-Colorado border and demeaned great regions of scenic value, and the Bruce Eddy Dam of the Army Corps of Engineers, which would have submerged important tracts of Idaho elk range and other wilderness and sealed off the run of steelhead and Chinook salmon to their spawning grounds on the north fork of the Clearwater River, were two shortsighted projects blocked recently by the vigilance of conservationists, including a small, honorable band of Senators and Congressmen who took the trouble to ascertain the facts.

As indicated above, dams and levees for the control of floods would be largely superfluous were the watersheds given proper attention. But many of the watersheds have been denuded; according to a Forest Service estimate made in 1951, the virgin forest in the U.S., exclusive of Alaska,

is 100 million acres, or about one-eighth what it is thought to have been before the white man came. The spring rains, unchecked by forest roots, reach flood proportions as they accumulate downstream. Not satisfied with deforestation, man furthers erosion by the drainage, usually for agricultural ends, of marshes, pot-holes, ponds and lakes. Millions of acres have been drained in this country in the present century alone. The seasonal rains, pouring away through dikes, ditches and straightened streams instead of collecting in natural basins to nourish the land through the long summers, have compounded not only the flood problem but, succeeded by drought, the seasons of erosion by wind as well. In terms of wildlife, the primary victims of drainage have been fish, aquatic fur animals and waterfowl; over a third of all North American ducks once bred in the grassy sloughs and potholes of the northern prairie states and the wheat provinces of Canada, now endlessly bleed away.

The decrease of the waterfowl population, which shrank rapidly after the turn of the century, occasioned a spectacular battle in the early conservation movement and split the conservationists themselves into two camps. The bag-limit fight, as it was known, commenced about seven years after the Weeks-McLean Act of 1913, which awarded control of migratory birds to the Federal Government. In 1916 a convention was ratified between the U.S. and Britain, awarding the Canadian government similar control, and establishing full protection for the swans, cranes and the band-tailed pigeon, as well as for all shore birds but the snipe, woodcock, the greater and lesser yellowlegs, and the black-bellied and golden plovers. Two years later the Federal Migratory-Bird Treaty Act entrusted the Biological Survey with the execution of its provisions, which included the permanent prohibition of spring shooting as well as a prescribed limit of 25 ducks and eight geese per hunter per day over the course of the long state hunting season.

These limits were certainly too high, and 11 states, by 1920, had been forced to reduce them below the allowed federal maximum. The states in which the birds were concentrated made no attempt to do this, much to the disgust of a terrible-tempered conservationist named Dr. William

continued

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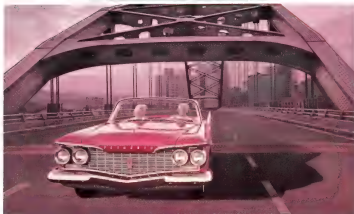
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Hornaday, whose views on the rarity of his fellow man have been known to naturalists for years. In 1922 a "public shooting grounds bill" sponsored by Dr. Edward Nelson of the Biological Survey and Ray P. Haskin of the American Game Protective Association further increased Dr. Hornaday; it provided for the purchase, with federal hunting-license fees, of waterfowl refuges upon which certain areas would be set aside for public hunting.

The concept of federal hunting licenses and federally maintained shooting preserves for what Hornaday was pleased to call "the Armies of Destruction" was to this aging warrior anathema. "Dr. Hornaday," as he himself requested, "launched an intensive campaign to arouse all American sportsmen to the decrease and progressive extinction of game, and the necessity to make at once 'large reductions in bag limits and open season,' everywhere in the United States where no reductions had been made."

The shooting-grounds bill was defeated, and Dr. Hornaday had the eventual satisfaction, which he hastened to express, of witnessing a simultaneous attempt on the part of the Survey, the Audubon Society and the Quack Walter League to win credit for the reduced bag limit and other provisions he himself had advocated. Hornaday's recommended limit of 15 ducks and four geese per hunter per day, adopted at last in 1936, has since been reduced to four and two, respectively; his revised open season, cut from 14 to eight weeks, has remained more or less effective.

It would be pleasant to record that the efforts of Dr. Hornaday, his cohorts and his converts, initiated a golden age for waterfowl and other wildlife, but such was not the case. The cumulative deterioration of the land and waters, slowed but by no means halted by federal legislation, became visible across the length and breadth of the continent in the early '30s; the plight of American waterfowl, at least, became darker than at any time before or since.

The emergency of the Depression, commencing in 1929, absorbed the proposed appropriations of waterfowl refuge funds authorized by the Migratory Bird Conservation Act of that same year, a circumstance made still more serious by the subsequent

drought which swept across the West, and which, in turn, contributed to the dreadful phenomenon of the Dust Bowl. In 1934 Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose anti-Depression measures, though aimed more at the nation's economy and welfare than at the preservation of wildlife, nonetheless had considerable effects in this field, set up a national committee on waterfowl restoration, two members of which were Aldo Leopold and Jay N. Ding. During the great political cartoonist, it was Dingling who personified his large public that measures on behalf of waterfowl would help combat the fierce effects of drought as well. His influence was such that he was appointed Chief of the Biological Survey, and under his administration the waterfowl restoration program was neatly coordinated with emergency relief programs. In the CCC and WPA, the necessary labor was provided, and large sums were allotted from drought and relief funds for the purchase of ruined areas in drought-stricken regions. But the money to improve these lands, by halting erosion and restoring the water table, was lacking, and the Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp Act was enacted as a solution.

A similar step forward in 1914 was the so-called Coordination Act, by which lands and waters under the administration of other government agencies—the Forest Service and the Bureau of Reclamation, for example—might be developed as refuges, provided such a program did not interfere with the primary purpose of the area. Although the refuge system was considerably augmented before 1949 by direct purchase, its subsequent expansion has been accomplished almost entirely in the form of easement or other federal holdings. The existing, in this arrangement outweighs the disadvantages, which might be likened to those created in any household sheltering two earnest housekeepers. The Fish and Wildlife Service, born of the Biological Survey and the Bureau of Fisheries under the Reorganization Act of 1939, is apt to come off badly in any major dispute, not only because it is ordinarily the guest agency, but because its needs are too often dismissed as unimportant by comparison with those of more noteworthy agencies. Within the Department of the Interior, it differs at times with the

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An Englishman's Outrageous View of Texas Football

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

The following article is abridged from Journey Down A Rainbow, by J. B. Priestley and Jurgenta Hawkes, published by Harper and Brothers. The editor of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—who will gladly take exception to Mr. Priestley on many points—believes nevertheless that his views will prove of interest to anyone who has not attended an American football game as speculated on the American character. Here Mr. Priestley does both, with results which will strike many as being profitably critical but which always are urbane and amusing.

THERE must have been a time, long ago, when colleges meekly arranged some matches between their respective teams, and a lot of high-spirited young men, released from their studies for a few hours, went out to enjoy themselves. But now the college football season was at its height; and very high that is, too, like the figures of attendance at the games themselves, like the investment in huge arenas, athletic directors and coaches and trainers, in equipment of every kind. Now at parties men got together in corners to thrash the subject to death; impassioned voices on the radio described last Saturday's games; presidents and deans of universities gravely compared notes, ventured prophecies; and in locker rooms, scores of big-boned, heavily muscled lads listened white-faced while their football coaches, with tears in their eyes, implored them to remember what was at stake on the field, lashed them with bitter rhetoric. This indeed was their hour, and for most of them it would never return again; the rest of their lives would be one long anticlimax. And of course the newspapers were in these, battling. Above a photograph, the size of a small tea tray, of four leather-armored men in a desperate tangle, a giant headline screamed PUNCE SNAP FOKKER STRING. And in letters not much smaller: LONGHORNS SHADE TCU FRONTS AND MPE-

TANG DEFENSE SPELLED DEFEAT FOR CINDERELLA HOGE. Yes, the season was at its height.

I HAD not attended an American football game since I saw Yale play the Navy, nearly 20 years ago. But on the Saturday I wanted to see a game, Dallas could not offer me one of any size; I had to go to Fort Worth, where in fact the Longhorns shaded the Frogs, according to the headline. The morning was bright and warm, and I went to Fort Worth, through miles and miles of Nomadman by bus, a form of transport patronized exclusively by Negroes and people well down in the lower-income brackets. I took with me no prejudice against sport and games as such. In my youth I played games, and even won a few medals for sport; I once reported football matches; I have always en-

joyed both playing and watching games; so nothing here is darkened by any introverted, eggheaded, thick-spectacled distaste for rough pursuits. If sport could escape the Adman influence—though none of the signs encouraged this hope—then so much the better.

At the bus terminus, such is the kindness of people in these parts, I was met by a professor whose team was playing that afternoon; a shy but very friendly man, accompanied by a very pretty little daughter, still at high school. Along streets so thick with traffic they were like sluggish rivers of gleaming painted steel, we drove out to a restaurant, Hashadman Mexican, near the university campus and not far from the stadium. Most of the talk was between father and daughter, for it dealt with the problems of routes, traffic, parking.

It was a warm afternoon, quite hot in the sun. Cars by the thousand, a gray-green tide, crept toward the stadium. Near the entrance to the main stand, I had to wait some time while my host found a place for his car. The daughter went off to join her sister, on the other side

continued



J. B. PRIESTLEY

A MAN OF MANY OPINIONS

J. B. Priestley has been a leading British novelist, critic, playwright and author for the past 50 years. American readers of his works know him as an extremely vigorous critic of the United States. He knows his subject though, for he has traveled extensively in this country, especially in the Southwest. *Journey Down A Rainbow* and *Midnight on the Desert* are two of his books, with an American setting. His wife, Jurgenta Hawkes, is also an author and is a noted English archaeologist.

of the stadium, the open stand favored by students. I watched the crowd pouring up the ramps, swarming along the galleries and up the flights of stairs. Program sellers, newspaper lads, hiren-out of cushions, peddlers of drinks and peanuts, were busily following us. The giant bowl, brimmed with anticipation, was humming away, already tuning up for its symphony of howls and roars. It was the same old atmosphere piled up, thickened, but electrified, during this half hour that always preceded the great sporting event, whether outside Chelsea's football ground at Stamford Bridge or outside the bull ring on the edge of Mexico City; and though it did not matter to me who won or lost here, and I tried to feel aloof, my heart beat faster, my nerves tingled.

The professor and I carried our cushions to the top of the stand and then found our places among a group of his colleagues, of both sexes, belonging to the departments of language and literature. Nothing and smiling a welcome, Middle English, Romance Languages, Modern Novel and Elizabethan Drama pleasantly acknowledged my presence, with that slight archness and hint of the deprecatory which scholars display when discovered attending some unbecomingly college function. From this height,

the whole stadium was spread below us, all open to our view. The scene had more color than we find in our football grounds. The crowd opposite—mostly students in colored shirts and blouses, looked almost like a vast heap of those tiny insects known in my childhood as ‘hundreds and thousands.’ Two huge students’ military bands, one in orange uniforms, the other in purple, the colors of their respective teams, could just be distinguished, massed together, on the lower slopes, where the sousaphones thumped and blared. In the space between the touchline and the stand, there were cheerleaders in white, men and girls, already beginning to signal to and encourage, with exuberant rhythmic gestures, their die-die-die sectioned students. One end of the ground, to my right, was dominated by an illuminated electric clock, ready to mark off every second of play. Above the crowd at the other end, lower than we were, I could see ranks of parked cars, extending apparently into far, open country, glittering, glimmering and then fading into the haze, like some plague of gray and green beetles unaccountably stricken with death. Down on the turf a host of players, enough to make a dozen teams, all uniformed, leather-attired, omnibusal, were throwing passes and punting the balls and knocking up. Other men, mostly in white, not cheerleaders but athletic

directors, coaches, referees and liarsmen, trainers and first-aid men, were gathered along the touchlines. From somewhere behind us, voices through loud-speakers, harsh and appallingly amplified, made announcements, called numbers to the telephone. The bowl, you might say, was busy.

The players ran off and cleared the pitch, to sit in a long row at the edge of it. One of the horrible voices announced that there would now be an invocation by Dr. Somebody of Something Presbyterian Church. We stood up. Over the public-address system came a very deep voice, which to my astonishment began by saying “We thank Thee, Lord, for bringing us to our maturity,—” but after that did not find anything else as surprising to say. This prayer at an end, we sat down. One of the bands began playing. We stood up again, this time facing the flagstaff, though I could still contrive to see, far below, all the men in white, the official athletic types, rigid in their fervent patriotism. The Stars and Stripes, surely the prettiest of all national flags, went fluttering to the top of the mast. We stood up again to hear the college song of the visiting Longhorns, from the University of Texas. And again for the college-sung the home team, the Horned Frogs of the Texas Christian University, Fort Worth. We sat down, ready now for some diversion. It arrived. While the bands played

‘THE BOWL WAS BUSY’



POUNDEROUS MASCOT of Texas team, a longhorn steer, frolics in football arena before the game begins.



PACKED GROUP of top-flight players, middle row, the substitutes, lower 18, huddles and some hauled out, as the team gets ready to restart the game.

and the cheerleaders leapt and semaphored and the massed ranks of students rai-tah-rahed, the visitors' mascot, a Longhorn steer, a melancholy survivor of that old breed which the original cowboys of Texas had driven along the Chisholm Trail, went shambling round the field, no doubt wondering once again why it should have been robbed of its pasture for this land indignity. It was followed by the home mascot, not a genuine giant horned frog—alas—but only a student in pantomime costume. This pantomime horned frog was joined by a pantomime longhorn and then proceeded, amidst laughter and semi-organized cheering controlled by leaping leaders in white, to rape and throw it, thus deciding the game in advance by symbolic magic. The hands were still blaring away. The terrible voices behind me weren't imploring doctors to come to the telephone. And two men in cowboy costume, behind the touchline down on the left, were inexplicably but startlingly busy, firing a small cannon. There was not, it can be fairly said, a dull moment.

The game began. I do not pretend to understand even the coarsest of the finer points of this American college football, which must have been originally devised during an early revolutionary phase of American life, for, like a revolution, it is an odd mixture of secret plotting. With so many heads

continued



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on federal legislation affecting the national resources. The Conservation Foundation, allied to the New York Zoological Society, approaches its subject from an international viewpoint, and sponsors research studies of foreign as well as domestic problems. The Wilderness Society promotes the concepts of Aldo Leopold, Robert Marshall and others who, after 1920, advocated the sequestration of inviolate primeval wilderness for posterity; it is at present sponsoring the crucial Wilderness Bill, which would establish on the public lands a wilderness preservation system invulnerable to special interests or political expedience. The National Parks Association is an articulate defender of the institution which gives it its name and lends its voice as well to other conservation programs. These groups are important, but they are only a few of the many like them in a nation maturing to its responsibilities toward future generations.

The wildlife of America, pinned in or richer out of its last redoubts by the convulsions of blind progress, is finding its most potent defenders among individuals, or rather in those groups of individuals banded together in defense of the natural environment—old farmers and trappers, wild shorelines, swamps, savannas, deserts, wild rivers, mountains, forests—as a nonmaterial need. That the need seems to be felt so restlessly is only partly the achievement of those who, ever since the first warnings of Alexander Wilson, have worked painfully toward the illumination of their countrymen. It is also the reaction of a people entrapped by the apparatus of its own progress and seeking a passage back to more permanent values, to the clean light of open air. The wild creature of the open spaces, of clear water and green northern wilds, of gold prairie and huge sky, evokes a human longing no less civilized for being primitive, no less real for being felt rather than thought.

IN AN EARLY ISSUE

The challenge facing conservation in the atomic age, and what must be done to meet it, will be examined in an article in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in the near future.

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Reader Karmelink might also be interested to know that an inaugural race between the new American compact cars and European imports of the same size is on the schedule of the Sebring international road racing course for December 12.—ED.

BOATING: HOME-STYLE HYDRO-JET

By:

Have just read your article (The Almost No-water Boat, 53, Oct. 26) about the Turbocraft, which uses a principle somewhat similar to that I have been using in my hydro-jet outboard unit (which I use to drive an outboard canoe on my seven-acre fish pond). I first thought up the



WARD'S HYDRO-JET OUTBOARD



UNDERWATER JET UNIT

double-worm design in 1956 for a hydro-jet turbine. I designed and built the hydro-jet outboard shown in the pictures in the fall of 1956 and winter of 1957.

The unit has driven various boats many miles on the creeks and rivers of this section (the northern neck of Virginia). On September 16 I explored Hookin's Creek, starting out from Tappahannock, Va., on the Rappahannock River.

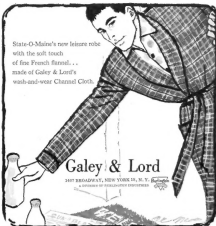
My hydro-jet outboard unit can be tilted up a bit so that the water jet can be in the air giving additional thrust. The 112-hp four-cycle, vertical, one-cylinder gas engine gives a speed of six miles per hour or more. It can also go at very slow speeds. Good for fishing.

I go in about a foot of water, too; and with my air drive, in three or four inches of water.

WILLIAM R. WARD

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